

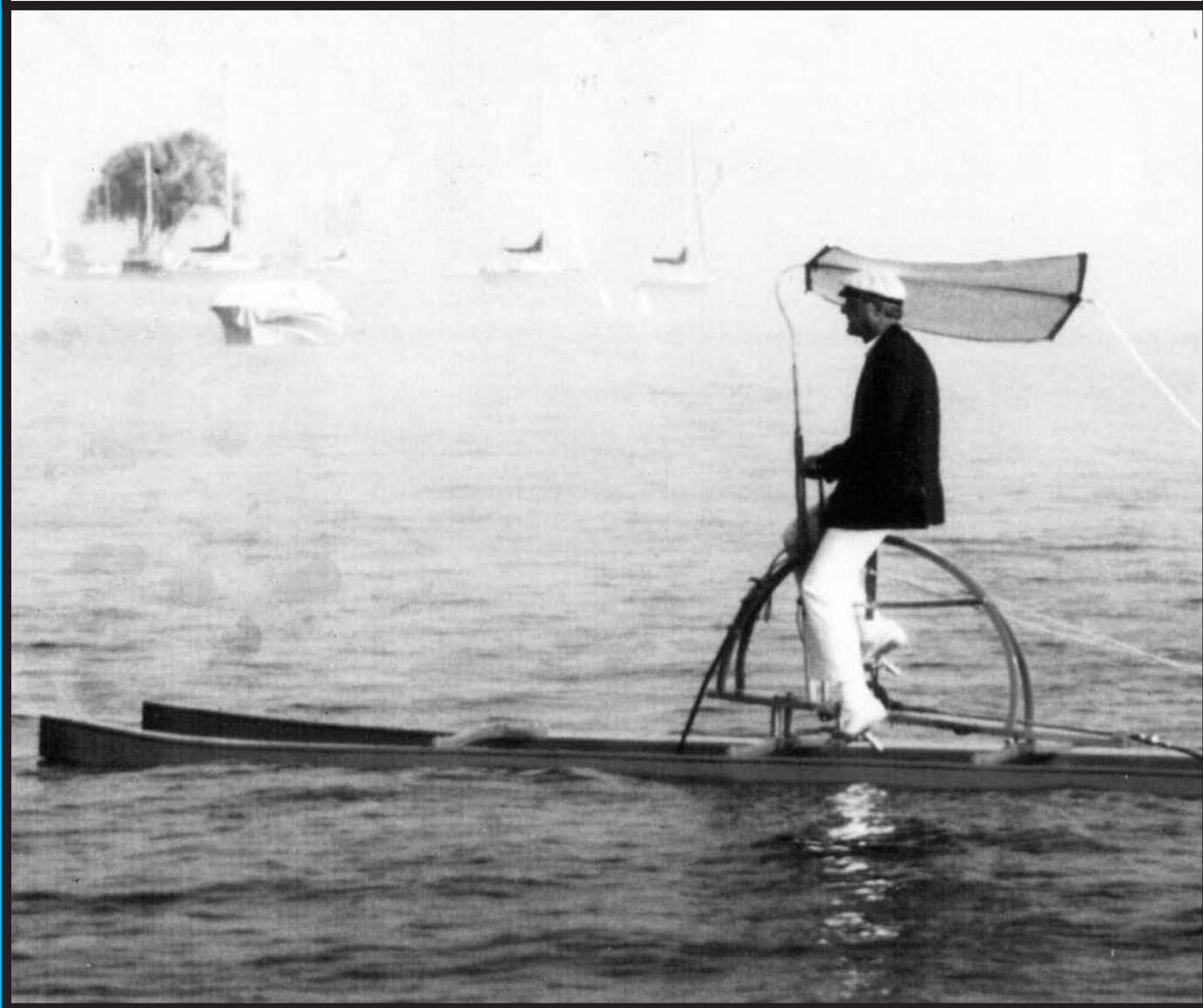


messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
"Apalachicola Antique & Classic"
"Pedalling on the Piscataqua"

Volume 23 - Number 3

June 15, 2005



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Editor and Publisher is Bob Hicks.

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For circulation or production inquiries or problems, contact:

Roberta Freeman at
officesupport@comcast.net

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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



How about the cover on this issue? Kinley Gregg sent us the story we feature in this issue about the bizarre (by today's standards) antics of some New Hampshire bicyclists in the 1880s, she knows I happen to enjoy bicycling and have at times published articles about today's pedal powered boats. The 1880s were before the invention of the so-called safety bicycle from which today's conventional diamond frame bicycle evolved. The avid cyclist of 1883, when this "marine velocipede" came on the scene, was pedaling the open roads (dirt) on one of those precarious looking high wheel cycles. In passing, I mention that the reason for 6' tall wheels was to obtain high speeds with direct drive pedals mounted on the axle prior to the adoption of indirect chain drive which permitted adjustable ratio of pedaling to wheel rpm.

In her postscript to the 1883 article Kinley allows as how maybe there was some poetic license taken by the author. The claimed seakeeping ability of such a fragile craft with so high a center of gravity is suspect. But I find I greatly enjoy these old time articles that we publish from time to time. The recent *Br'er Fox* motorboat record run of 1909 down the Mississippi story is another good example. There is an exuberance in the narration of these tales I find enchanting. They seem to be having such great times at what they undertake, with such a large component of what goes on being their own physical and mental efforts.

Everything one undertook to do 100-125 years ago with the just emerging technology of mechanical devices and internal combustion engines took so much time by today's standards. I can see how those motorheads who built and drove *Br'er Fox* got their rush going 30mph with that great big clattering, roaring monster in their laps day after day down the river, even toiling over balky cylinders while underway. In today's vernacular they must have been thinking, "Man are we ever moving!"

I find myself with mixed emotions about "man are we ever moving" in our increasingly hurry up world, as I'd guess do you who choose to row or paddle or sail at a snail's pace. All the "save time" urging today involving faster and more convenient systems or devices has not seemed to have resulted in such time saved being used in some pleasant and enjoyable way, it too often gets used up in crowding more must do stuff into the valued saved time.

An all too common experience I have when undertaking some recreational outing with friends is that they seem to have limited time to enjoy, they must be back by whenever to meet their next commitment. When I go off I tell Jane I will be back when I get here. Thus if unexpected changes come about in my day's adventuring, good or bad, I am not stressed out about having to get back, I just adapt to the new circumstances. I'll just be later (or earlier if the outing is irretrievably foreshortened), that's all. Those longer days that turn up in those old time tales seem very attractive to me. Those participating expected to spend a lot of time because they did not have the speed up options we have at hand. It was just the way life was.

I am, of course, guilty of using some of today's speed up conveniences that consumers whose lives are going by too fast do. While I can handily bicycle on my usual round of errands to bank, post office, hardware store, etc, about a 15-mile loop, I usually find myself taking my truck and thus completing my rounds in half the time. I seldom use that extra half to three quarters of an hour daily to any really rewarding advantage, and I miss out on the exercise and more leisurely contemplation of the passing scenery and human activity.

Our collective interest in messing about in boats that require of us spending more time to acquire the boat we want (by building it or restoring it rather than simply buying it) or more time spent getting to where we want to go in the boat, seems to me to be a manifestation of this yearning for the simpler demands of a time when we had fewer time and effort saving options. Spending whatever time it takes to build a boat or get to an island or anchorage or takeout downstream is an indulgence we need to enjoy as often as possible.

The two cyclists who undertook their adventure challenging the tides on the Piscataqua River and the seas on the open ocean on a 16-mile round trip to the Isles of Shoals kinda pushed it some on their river trip, getting back after dark with a considerable degree of peril, but for the ocean trip they just pedaled out one day and back the next. All this time, three days, to cover maybe 30 miles in all, all within 10 miles of home, but so full of happenings. Some of you have shared similar tales today with us, so it is still possible if you take enough time to do it.

On the Cover...

Hi tech small boating in 1883 on New Hampshire's Piscataqua River as a local bicyclist ventures forth on a marine velocipede. Full fascinating tale is featured in this issue. Cover photo courtesy .

A smaller chest was given to me as a baby; it was most likely a cabin boy's chest or a seaman of lower rank. Being only 36" long to the larger chest's 48", it has seen hard use and is painted black with a plain top. Rope handles once graced its ends, attached to thick wooden ears set perpendicular to the floor, holes drilled crudely to accept the more carefully spliced hempen rope handles. These handles always fascinated me, they were never simple loops but were contorted in a figure of eight lay. Was it by design or was it from the craftsman's lack of skill? The area of the splice was done in a way to double the overall thickness of the three ply cordage. It proved a simple but quite comfortable handle to grasp, slightly flexible yet stiff enough to take the heft of a filled chest; a teething puppy removed the handles.

This little chest is made with a rabbetted and nailed joint at the ends, not the sturdier dovetail joints as the larger chest exhibits. Perhaps it was thought that the owner would be graduating to a larger/better chest within the shorter life span of this type of joint. There is no date to tell any tale with this chest, my grandmother thought it was an older one than the first mentioned. It is built of pine, not clear maple as the larger one is, so it is lighter and prone to more scarring. A picture frame is tacked on along the edges of the top lid, extending it a bit to match the banding along its base. It rather looks like the top plank fell short on the width and needed to be filled out, to make a more pleasing form the ends were trimmed to match the disparity where top met box. All sides got the filler strip which is tidily mitered, not overlapped.

It, too, has the inner narrow box set into the end, sitting down an inch or so from the top edge. Only four inches deep, the compartment allows for the bottom of the chest to accommodate a fully laid out set of trousers or several folded items then topped by a blanket or canvas hammock. There is no sliding lid to this box nor any evidence of there having been one. I can only surmise these narrow compartments held the immediate small tools or treasures needed by a simple seaman, perhaps a comb, pipe, or knife for carving, a place to store some scrimshaw work between tours on deck, a thin book or bible, a deck of cards, a spool of twine to mend the rough canvas trousers, or sewing awl for mending boots. Men's whole lives fit neatly into these chests, it makes me dizzy to consider what we've become in the consumer generation of the 20th and 21st centuries.

There are two other chests in our family, a third resides here at the shore with me, a gray and dark indigo painted unit of some hard slick wood that may be rock maple or tulip wood. Sycamores are also a tight smooth grained dense wood. It could have even come from Europe so beech and other species are in the running. Whatever the wood, it has single boards squarely finished, 32" for sides and single planks of equal depth top and bottom. It has snug squared wide finger joints not angled dovetails. The interior is similar to the first chest described, a clever lidded compartment and the bottle cubby at the opposite end. What makes this chest a bit special is the hidden shelf just under the suspended compartment. A perfect shelf for a packet of letters from home or a place to tuck a leather bound journal. This chest has the slight waves of a finishing adz still in evidence where the first large chest has been



Window on the Water

By Chris Kaiser

A Deadman's Chest Part 2

planed smooth inside before it was assembled. Was this chest commissioned and then hurried along as the sailing date was moved ahead? Did the purchaser die and the cabinet maker need to move the piece before he could realize a profit, there by making it a bit less finished then if the original order had been prepaid?

The fourth chest resides in my mother's home, it has my name on it in her will. It came to her as a wedding gift from an old associate of her antiquing mother-in-law, an old man known only as Flint. Flint had a tiny dusty shop on the back road to Derry, New Hampshire. He collected cut glass and small pieces for the most part but would, as most dealers did in the '40s, have access to larger homes as the old folks died and the families wanted to be rid of "all that trash" that was in attic or shed lofts. Barbi, my paternal grandmother, was in communication with Flint throughout the season, stopping by his shop as she made her rounds. We would often bring him a custard (he was an old bachelor) or leave a batch of fresh jam we'd gotten from a client further up the route.

Before they married, mom and dad had driven Barbi on her rounds one weekend; Flint was taken by mother's knowledge and her ability to repair china "invisibly." This was before super glues and epoxy, she was very clever and had a delicate touch. He gave them this apothecary's or ship's doctor's chest as a wedding gift. He apologized that "some damn fool had stripped and refinished it," despite that it would be a perfect place to store the treasures of a new partnership. It is of a softer maple then the other and it has been dropped and abused; the top lid is dented where it may have suffered use as a carpenter's workbench for a time. There are salt stains inside where it was submerged at some time in the past... did the vessel go down or founder on a reef? Shadows of missing square cubbies to hold multiple bottles are visible at one end, more then for the occasional bottle of spirits. A deeper hinged compartment has slotted compartments within to hold the crude tools of the trade. Rough pliers for extracting abscessed teeth, a boning knife to help with amputations, several

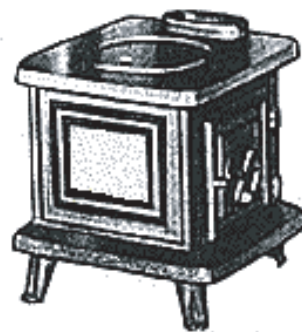
smaller shallow bins to hold leather envelopes of needles to suture the gaping wounds inflicted by rowdy crew wielding knives on each other... the stories this chest could tell.

At its base there is no protective banding, the sloping sides are more acute then on the green painted eighteen-o-two sitting in front of the sofa. It is as though this chest knew it was not going to be manhandled, that it contained the life support and comfort for all on board. It was treated with care and set in a cabin higher up than the crew's hold, so a broader base kept it firmly on the decking as the vessel rolled and pitched. There are remnants of a leather strap to keep the lid from falling back too far. The old staple and gudgeon hinges were replaced for mortised butt hinges sometime later in its life. Holes from the originals show as the new set was placed more toward the center. The boxed lock and interlocking teeth on the lid are intact but the key is long gone.

I have always been attracted to this out of the four chests; it seems to me the more adventurous of the group. It is the one with more secrets to share or to fantasize about. No young Jim Hawkins toted this over his shoulder, indeed a pair of strong navvies would be needed to hoist it filled and a single man would have a hard time dragging it far empty.

The next time I have a tot of rum and put my slipped feet up on "The Deadman's Chest" in front of the wood stove, I'll listen carefully to see if there are any whispers from past voyages leaking out from under the lid.

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Activities & Events...

Mighty Merrimac Rowing Race Revived

On June 18 at 9:30am the Newburyport (Massachusetts) Maritime Society will host a revival of the Mighty Merrimac Rowing Race over a 3-1/2-mile course downstream on the Merrimac River from their famous Lowell's Boat Shop site in Amesbury to the boardwalk behind their Custom House Museum in downtown Newburyport. The race is open to experienced rowers only, catering to fixed seat rowing boats, kayaks, and recreational (ocean) shells (no racing shells). This is the premier event of a two-day waterfront festival celebrating the 30th birthday of the Society.

Those interested in taking part should call (978) 463-8681 immediately for registration information due to the lateness of this announcement. Details can be viewed at www.themaritimesociety.org

Newburyport Maritime Society, Newburyport, MA



Richardson Boat Owners Association Annual Rendezvous

The Richardson Boat Owners Association Annual Rendezvous is a lake-front gathering of classic and antique boats on north shore of Geneva Lake in upstate New York on July 15-16. For details go to www.richardsonboats.com/calendar.html or contact John Bowman at (845) 595-6127, johnbowman@optonline.net

Richardson Boat Owners' Association, North Tonawanda, NY

Skaneateles Antique & Classic Boat Show

Join us for the 27th Annual Antique and Classic Boat Show on Skaneateles Lake, the eastern gateway to the Finger Lakes of upstate New York, on July 29-31 and enjoy the natural beauty of one of the cleanest lakes in the world with over 70 antique and classic boats lining the shore of the north end of the lake. The highlight of the weekend will be the parade of boats on Saturday afternoon following the small craft parade at 2:30pm.

The Syracuse Model Boat Club will again be displaying model boats both on land and in the water. A new feature this year will be a build your own model boat exhibition.

For more information contact the Skaneateles Area Chamber of Commerce at (315) 685-0552, or visit www.skaneateles.com. To exhibit in the show call Brad Wirth

at (315) 685-2700.

Finger Lakes Chapter of the Antique and Classic Boat Society, Skaneateles, NY

Information of Interest...

Hazardous High Winds

Hugh Ware's mention of very high European gales in his May 1 "Beyond the Horizon" makes me wonder about localized gusts here on the Massachusetts coast. Three times since November my wind meter has recorded spikes of about 85mph, each time on windy, but not especially windy, days. Afterwards I found toppled lawn trees nearby, mostly mature Norway spruce, and in the woods the crowns of a few tall trees, all white pine, broken off in patterns that resemble stretched out ovals. None of this seems to matter to news media. But I wonder about the impact on boaters of sudden, downdraft like blasts that punctuate ordinarily windy days. Is the weather changing? Would those of us in small craft be the first to notice localized extremely strong winds and wind shear?

John Stilgoe, Norwell, MA

John Hogg AYRS Prize Competition

The Amateur Yacht Research Society is offering a 1,000 pounds sterling prize for its 2005 John Hogg Award for outstanding recent achievement in the research and development of improved yacht performance, safety or endurance. Closing date is October 1, 2005.

John Hogg was a gifted professional engineer and keen amateur sailor who had a special interest in measuring and recording the interaction of wind speed, wind angle, and sail trim and their effect on optimal boat speed. He contributed seminal papers to the AYRS journal describing his work based on data from innovative electronic equipment developed and built in his spare time.

During the '60s he produced polar diagrams for a wide range of racing yachts and particularly for wing sail, multihull, and hydrofoil projects. In 1962 he built and evaluated radio controlled scale models under sail to validate tank test data for the Kurrewa V America's Cup challenge. From the Society's creation until his death in June 2000, John encouraged and assisted members to support published work with hard quantified evidence in the interest of the science.

The aim of this international award is to encourage and recognize important contributions to the understanding and development of sailing performance, safety, and endurance. The winning entry will be announced and the prize will be awarded at the London International Boat Show in January 2006.

Previous winning concepts include a novel swing sail rig (2001); a simplified windmill design program for marine purposes and a displacement hull and keel design unrestricted by the square root of waterline length (2002); and a quatrefoil slewed hull catamaran for long distance races (2003).

Interested persons are invited to inquire for further details.

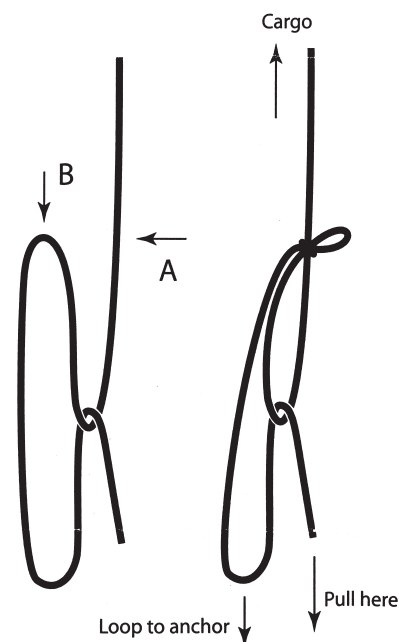
The AYRS John Hogg Prize Competition, BCM AYRS, London, WC1N 3XX, United Kingdom

Truckers' Hitch

The version of the truckers' hitch shown in the December 1, 2004 issue is a transatlantic variant of the original. An old trucker in England taught me this version 40 years ago and it has two advantages over the one shown; firstly, you do not have to pass the end of the rope through the loop (imagine doing that 10 times with a 100' rope!) and secondly, it falls apart with a flick whereas the other one will leave a jammed knot in the middle of the rope.

It is so simple you may not believe it until you've tried it. Make two big loops and then a very small loop at point A and pass loop B through it. The small loop must face the right way, try it and you will see. You may even make a second one on the end to achieve a 4:1 purchase.

Malcolm Fifer, Warrior, AL



Information Wanted...

Apua (Help)!!

Apua is the Finnish word for help, a term I seem to be using with increasing frequency since I became addicted to the sail. Not only do I require assistance in raising sails and an occasional rescuing when I manage to turn turtle (which I seem to accomplish with facility), I badly need aid of a more literary nature. I am searching for a book of nautical phrases and definitions.

The Navy has a Dictionary of Naval Terms but it is very naval and not very nautical, like the difference between a battleship and a battle cruiser (there were only two battle cruisers: *Hawaii* and *Alaska*). What I do need is a nautical dictionary. I have a book on nautical terms used in O'Brien's Captain Aubrey classics so I can tell a royal from a mizzen topgallant. But this book is of the ancient age of tall ships and not very helpful in the modern boat era.

I don't know a gudgeon from a pintle or a rose box from a rudder, nor do I recognize the meanings of chain plates or chines. Ergo (Latin for "therefore"), I am searching for a nautical dictionary to help me understand articles in the magazines to which I subscribe. I have no clues about skiffs or dories and I can hardly get through a Robb White article without wondering what the heck he is talking about. The sentence, "The jib sheets run through fixed cam cleats, on the cockpit coamings," means little to me. I think that means the ropes on the jib run through a cam at the back of the boat. I was a land-locked Navy man who was loaned to the Army and the Air Force during the little excursion into Southeast Asia in the '60s and '70s.

If you have a good dictionary in mind, please let me know about it. Furthermore, I have a nice gift card from Barnes and Noble. By the way, wasn't Charlie Noble an ensign in the Navy? I know that Jack the Dust was the man to talk to about acquiring a decent mattress or fresh vegetables.

"Doc" Regan, 1626 Maplewood Dr., Cedar Rapids, IA 52402, (319) 362-5153, <regan1626@earthlink.com>

Editor Comments: The following reference books reviewed in past issues might be of some help: *Sailor's Illustrated Dictionary* (6/15/02); *Shallow Water Dictionary* (2/15/05); *Practical Encyclopedia of Boating* (11/1/04); *Dictionary of Everyday Words & Phrases Derived From the Sea* (2/15/05).

Opinions...

Badmouthing the USCG

I have been in boating since the mid '50s, including a stint in the USCG, and this is the first time that I have ever heard of the American Professional Captains Association. I don't think that the writer badmouthing the Coast Guard has done his group a service. Comparing the Coast Guard to Big Brother is rather sick. When his charter boat is in trouble, who is he going to call?

The Coast Guard is in business to save lives, not to make problems for boaters. Life jackets do save lives. Seat belts also save lives. Here in Minnesota you had better be wearing your seat belt. On my boats you better be wearing a PFD.

I can well understand why the industry in general is opposed to wearing PFDs. Just picture all those beautiful models in the consumer boating ads wearing PFDs. It would be bad for sales if PFDs were shown in the ads. Some folks might get the idea that boating could be dangerous and we certainly couldn't have that, could we?

I have not seen any notice that the Coast Guard was trying to promote such a regulation, but in my mind it's not a bad idea. I have seen too many cases where someone went over the side, skippers included. If that person has a PFD on, rescue is so much easier.

The Type I PFD mentioned is uncomfortable, I agree. We went through that 30-some years ago when the Type III jackets were approved. If I am in a boat offshore and it is going down I pray that the owner has a Type I in good condition where I can find it and swap the Type III jacket that I was wearing.

Mississippi Bob Brown, Apple Valley, MN

Projects...

Models

Since you show model boats from time to time, here are a few of mine.

Irwin Schuster, Tampa, FL



This Magazine...

I Would Like to See...

Perhaps someone knowledgeable on the following subjects might be persuaded to write something for the magazine.

Sliding oarlock rowing systems: There have been a number of references to these in past issues. Is there any comprehensive info published on these? Is there anyone would be willing to provide photos or plans along with anecdotes or observations?

Steamboats: Would someone from the steam boating community supply an account of furnishing and finishing a stock hull?

Electric Launches: What's the latest in technology and design for powering small electric launches?

Isla: The article by Gene Scarl in the January 15 issue left me wishing for more information and photos showing more details. Perhaps Gene or designer Peter Hunt might give us their insights?

As an aside, the section headings for SALES & RIGGING (sic) in the "Classified Marketplace" has been misspelled for many issues now. Is this a long running inside joke? It would be hard to believe no one had mentioned it before this.

I still look forward to every issue and (after the next one is safely in my hands) pass each on to the local library for others to enjoy.

Paul Gorman, Southwest Harbor, ME

Editor Comments: SALES & RIGGING is a long running typo.

Tone of Your Publication

I wish to thank you for publishing my article "Build Your Own Dream" (March 15). It was a great thrill to see it in print. I believe after 62 years I got this bug to write about something. Perhaps it is the tone of your publication.

Martin DeFilippo, Wethersfield, CT

In Memoriam...

Al Rakas

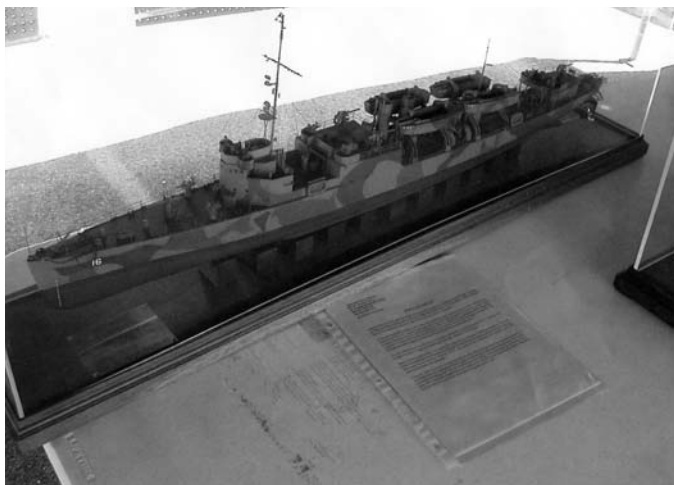
My uncle Al Rakas passed away last summer after a lifetime of many and varied accomplishments involving small boats. He was employed for 40 years as an aeronautical engineer at Pratt & Whitney, but in his free time he became a master fly tyer, fresh and salt water fisherman, and duck hunter, for which he built his own duck hunting punts. He enjoyed participating in the Connecticut River Oar & Paddle Club activities. At 73 he built a strip canoe from old Popular Mechanics plans and very much enjoyed seeing my article about it in *MAIB*. I have many good memories of fishing and rowing with him.

Pete Androsko (subscriber since 1985!), Yorktown Heights, NY

Visiting with Old Friends at the Apalachicola Antique and Classic

By Robb White

That's what it amounts to anymore. It seems like I already knew everybody there with a boat or a car on exhibit and a good many of the people who just came to look. When you stand around in a little place like that all day long you get pretty familiar with people. It is sort of like when you are at work except the selection process for who is in the group is based on a very specialized common ground so the participants, though mighty different from each other, all have one thing strongly in common. I ain't going to mention any names because that might cause my poetic license to be revoked, but I know a lot about a bunch of more people than I did before I started going to these things some ten years ago.



One of the people there is a very successful builder of model boats. He has been doing it for a long time and, believe it or not, has forged himself out a viable niche making a living like that. He can build a model of anything and is a thorough researcher. The key is building immaculately accurate models of boats that people have come to love because of close association like when one has served aboard the boat all during a war or something like that. The model man attacks his craft with such enthusiasm that, when the model is finally finished, he is in love with the boat, too, and is reluctant to let it get away from him. I can understand that.

This time he had a model of a fast troop transport from WWII. It was in a glass case under a little tent where the builder lurked and I recognized it instantly because I had built a plastic model of a similar ship when I was a boy. When the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor the U.S. Navy was sort of caught aback. During the Depression the government had put a bunch of people to work doing various extra projects (like damming off Lake Okeechobee and things like that) instead of keeping up with the regular stuff like building ships. I guess they thought those poor out-of-work stiff's weren't up heading up rivets and so they had to get Rosie to do it after the chips were down and they sent those stiff's off to fight.

Anyway, they were short of ships and the fighting was a long way across a lot of water so they commandeered a bunch of civilian vessels and shuffled around amongst the fleet and modified a bunch of old ships to haul the troops until Rosie and the crew could catch up. One of the modifications was to take the forward boiler room out of one of those legendary old World War I four stack destroyers to make room for a few troops to haul in a hurry to, I guess, fight the Japanese on some very small island. They called the result a "Fast Transport Vessel" and it was an apt name. I don't know if you know the old "four stacker" destroyer or not but it was a hell of a ship. I don't know all I should and ought to stop right now and go to the library and do a little research so as to get my facts straight but I told you I wouldn't do that so I'll just extrapolate a little bit... play the poetic license card.

Four stackers were built during WWI to help out with the convoy work by outrunning any ship that dared make an attack. Four stackers were what gave destroyers the name "greyhounds of the sea" and, to me, that's as pretty an engine driven vessel as has ever "sailed." Somebody in the government must have given the carte blanche to his brother-in-law in the machinery business because it was a long time before there was any ship that could stay with a four stack destroyer when all four of those stacks were sucking hard on all that fire. They

were driven by reciprocating engines and they say that at "flank" speed the coffee cups walked around on the table pretty good, but one of them would run like hell.

There are some who say the first thing that would actually outrun a four stacker was a nuclear submarine but I wouldn't know. I do know that the tin can men who served on those things loved them beyond any inanimate object and so did the old vet who commissioned the converted one he served on during the war. Even with two stacks and half the horsepower taken out of her, she would steam at 28 knots.

I hope the owner lives long enough to finally take possession of that beautiful little ship. I wonder what it would take to get the model man to build me a model of the old tug, *J.R. Ferguson*, I worked on for so many years?



The people who run the show always line the regulars up in regular order. If somebody is missing (there were a few... sadly missed) they'll stick a newcomer (there were quite a few) in there between two old chums and he or she will quickly become acclimated. My buddy from Alabama had two boats just to the north of Old New this year. He finally quit piddling around building ordinary objects that can be readily bought in stores, like British Seagull motors and pulleys and chains and things for his beautifully built Swampscott dory, and took on something significant and brought the unfinished project to the show for critique.

Some people are undaunted by even the most daunting challenge and this man's new project is Joel White's Haven, which is a center-board version of the legendary Herreshoff twelve-and-a-half (water-line length... actually 15' LOA). One of those is probably the most difficult to build of all small boats. Not only does it have outside lead ballast (with a centerboard slot) like a much bigger boat, it has such a shape that one little slip with the lofting would make an anomaly that would be much noticed by the zillions of people who have the boat more firmly entrenched in their mind's eye than probably any other hull.

You have to get a boat like that exactly right and you have to build all those molds (one for each frame in case you didn't know), too, and the molds have to be beveled... It is a challenge to build a boat the Herreshoff (and White) way. Price one of those wonderful boats sometime. If you find one going cheap, it is because somebody didn't do it right. Looking down the lines of hull shows that this one is right and the planking line-off job was as good as any hull I ever saw and that's a sure sign. You couldn't buy it for love nor money.

Just south of me was this big fantailed (Pete Culler) launch another of my buddies hauled all the way the hell and gone from below Tampa Bay just so folks could have a look. That's a nice thing to do, don't you think? It is strip built by a real craftsman and, after that craftsman died, a tree fell across the boat and smashed all the way through half the house and most of the hull. It was only stopped by the engine (a two-cylinder Ruggerini water cooled Italian diesel engine made specifically as a marine engine... never saw one before). The boat was a total wreck but my friend likes it a lot so another real craftsman put it back right again. I rubbed my nose all over the repair job so I could see exactly what was what and I believe it would have been easier to build another boat.



It is funny how some people do things exactly to suit themselves ain't it? You see that building behind the boat... the one with just the brick face and no roof or interior? It isn't but about 40' wide and goes from property line to property line. You can't see the stakes but it has recently been surveyed because it was sold... for more than a million bucks... See what I have been trying to tell you? Twenty years ago you could have bought everything on Water Street for that kind of money and probably bought enough politicians so you got the street, too. That porto-let did not go with the deal and I had to talk mighty fast to keep this one wit from using one of my handmade ash oars out of Old New to prop the door closed on this woman who went in there.



There were a bunch of friends of mine down there and many new old boats and cars, too. I would get prissy and complain about the cars since I am a purist but us boat men were very entertained by them. There were three Model "T" Fords. I have always loved those wretched things, it isn't the quality of the car but the notion that I could drive one someplace and ignore the plastic trash alongside the road and convince myself that I was back in the good old days.

There was this one sort of rusty (what they call "running original") pickup truck that was especially appealing to me. He had a pair of cheap Chinese Vise Grips clamped on the high speed adjustment where the knob had fallen off... just my speed. Another man had a dolled up '56 Chevy and, when one of my buddies and I were strolling by, even though the proud owner was sitting very possessively right there in an aluminum chair, my pal hollered loudly, "I used to blow the doors off one just like that with my flathead Ford at least twice a day... same color and all."

"Well," huffed the owner, rising up about three inches in his chair, "You won't blow the doors off this one with no Ford. It's got a 350 in it."

"I'll blow those silly assed mag wheels right off the lugs with my Thunderbird," declared my friend as I quickly sidled over to the safety of the Model T zone. It turns out that the two men were old friends from from way back and, sort of like the man fixing to trying to jam the door of the porto-let, were just trying to work up a little entertainment.



Before I get off the subject of non-boat vehicles, I have to tell you about a recumbent tricycle that a woman was riding all over the place for the whole show. It was a good working rig and, unlike those kinds "senior citizens" ride to the grocery store with the Shitz Tzu in the basket down in South Florida, was built for speed and efficiency. The tires were very narrow and the two rear wheels were splayed out at the same angle as one of those basketball playing wheel chairs... made to haul ass. It had disc brakes and a twist-grip 12-speed derailleur. It was a thing. The woman had it in low gear and pedaled around all over the show very slowly which shows the advantage of a tricycle over a bicycle. Because of the lowness of the thing she could go under all the trailer tongues.

There were two things wrong with it. There were a lot of dogs looking her right square in the eyes and... the thing was made in Germany and cost \$3,000. One of my buddies coveted it anyway and said, "Next time she goes in the port-o-let, you jam the door with an oar and I'll take that thing and throw it in the back of my van."



Here is the winner of the show. It is a new Muscongus sloop built up in Maine. You know that's the predecessor of the Friendship sloops and is a centerboarder... much more appropriate for the shallow water of the Gulf. The boat is very well built and mighty pretty. Kind of eye catching ain't it?

I don't think it is good to judge these sorts of things. It is sort of like what they call the "science fair" in schools where these children set up experiments to demonstrate how science is supposed to work and be judged on the significance of their work. That's all well and good and I applaud it, but what goes wrong is that they get dignitaries from the local community to judge the thing and most of them don't know anything at all about anything but politics and other such nonsense and the kid with the cute, miniature greenhouse super glued out of matches and microscope slide cover slips wins out over the kid who actually accumulated enough data to get an accurate average of the egg count of the average female, cursed Florida love bug by counting the eggs arranged by hundreds of bugs so thoughtfully on the windshield of his mother's car. Cute is cute and varnish is varnish but this is the one I think was the best boat in the show.



It was found in a back shed of Wefing's Marine Supply when the taxes got so high that the Wefings (in business in the same place in Apalach since 1908... you say it "Weefings") sold out so there could be another profitable boutique on Water Street. Apparently the original Wefing built this boat some time before WWI and somehow thought enough of it to keep it in a shed under big piles of other obsolete marine junk like old Manila line and tarred oakum and other non-boutique style stuff. Rumor is that the engine used to have two cylinders but he cut the front one off. Nobody knows what kind it is but I (from some anomaly of my past) know that is a Schebler carburetor and also know that if you were to scrape some of the paint and (Heaven forbid) grime of the ages off it you could see that it is solid brass. Check that weedless wheel. Nobody knows what kind of rudder arrangement old man Wefing had on there but I bet it worked mighty fine.

Here is my model building buddy's model of the old Sea Dream. The actual boat sat for many years on a vacant lot just down the street to the south of the show. I guess it was not considered boutique style stuff because somebody broke it up (a back hoe is the implement of choice down here) and hauled it off. It was a heroic vessel sort of like

the "Little Ships of Dunkirk." Here is the newspaper story from the *Panama City News Herald* in 1998 about how it became a hero. The author, Jimmie J. Nichols, is an old line Apalachicola man who has written (and still writes) many wonderful articles in newspapers about what he remembers of the olden days.



The Sea Dream
By Jimmie J. Nichols

When the British tanker *HMS Empire Mica* was sunk by a German submarine off the coast of Cape San Blas on June 29, 1942, three Apalachicola boats were involved in the rescue of 14 survivors. Contrary to several conflicting stories, the 14 survivors of the torpedoed tanker saved themselves first by using one of the tanker's lifeboats. During World War II, Apalachicola's war effort included a U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary led by Lt. Elgin Wefing. This unit, consisting of local commercial and pleasure boats, patrolled the waterways of the immediate area of the Apalachicola River, Apalachicola Bay, the Gulf of Mexico, and adjacent waters.

It seems that the *HMS Empire Mica*, out of Liverpool, England, was on her maiden voyage. She was loaded with petroleum products taken aboard in Texas. Shipping of this category was generally instructed by the U.S. Navy to hug the coastline to a rendezvous point where protective convoys were formed. The *Mica* was between Cape San Blas and Cape St. George when she was hit by the first torpedo and then a second one. Reports of explosions and a fire at sea were first telephoned to Lt. Wefing by Coast Guard lookouts at the two cape lighthouse stations. This occurred at 1am on June 29, 1942, 23 miles off Cape San Blas. The *Mica* earlier had loaded 11,200 tons of distillate in Baytown, Texas, and was skirting the Gulf Coast eastbound for Liverpool. Warnings had been posted for ships to find a safe port at night and to follow the shallow 10 fathom curve where submarines would be at a disadvantage. The *Mica* had intended to anchor in St. Andrew Bay or at Port St. Joe that particular night, but she drew too much water and was forced to continue her journey. The 431' long tanker was owned by the British Ministry of War Transportation and was leased to the Anglo-American Oil Co.

W.F. Randolph, his wife Rebecca, and two friends had been flounder fishing off St. George Island when the explosions occurred. Belton Tarantino and Joe Thompson were also flounder fishing off St. George. Randolph and Tarantino headed their boats back to Apalachicola, planning to take on additional manpower.

R.J. (Dick) Heyser volunteered the use of his 32' *Countess* pleasure boat. Aboard the *Countess* were Heyser, Thompson, Tarantino, Wefing, Wade Grant (Boatswain USCG), and W.L. McCormick. They headed the *Countess* to the scene of the action. It was still dark when the *Countess* reached the *Mica*. It circled the site at a safe distance because of the heat and recurring explosions, seeking survivors. In the first light of day the *Countess* came upon a lifeboat loaded with 14 survivors making some headway under a small sail. The *Mica* had sailed with 47 men, and the only ones saved were the 14 in the lifeboat.

The *Countess* took the lifeboat in tow with its survivors but it was slow going. Several miles off West Pass the *Sea Dream* with Randolph and his brother-in-law, John Hathcock, reached the *Countess*. Lt. Wefing instructed the *Sea Dream* to continue to the scene of the torpedoed boat in the hopes of finding additional survivors, but it was to no avail. The *Sea Dream* returned to the *Countess*. Meanwhile, Sam Wing, another member of the Coast Guard Auxiliary unit, reached the *Countess* and was instructed to return immediately to Apalachicola to get the community alerted. He returned with medical help.

Upon the return of the *Sea Dream* to the *Countess*, which was in the vicinity of West Pass entering Apalachicola Bay, Wefing ordered that the survivors be transferred to the *Sea Dream* as it was a larger and faster boat. In the meantime, after word of the disaster had rapidly spread throughout the city another local boat, *Trouble*, owned by

Carol McLeod and Joseph Barber, became involved in the rescue. Heading out into Apalachicola Bay, it met up with the *Sea Dream* in the middle of the bay and out of gas. The *Trouble* then proceeded to tow the *Sea Dream* with its crew and survivors to Apalachicola, arriving at 11am Monday morning.

By order of Sheriff Bill Lovett, the city pier at the end of Avenue E (right where the boat show is held, RW) had been cleared. By the time the survivors reached the pier, cots, sheets, and mattresses had been placed on the dock. V.G. Sangaree's ambulance, other cars, and trucks were standing by.

Among the survivors was Capt. Hugh Bently, age 70. By the time of the arrival of the survivors beds had also been placed in the National Guard Armory. Electric fans, ice water, hot coffee, and other items necessary for the relief of the survivors awaited them. Of the 14 survivors, 13 walked ashore under their own power with some of the younger crew members smiling. Two needed assistance. One who was placed in the ambulance was badly bruised and had a broken leg. It was said at the time that some of the other crewmen were killed in their bunks when the torpedoes struck and the only ones saved were those changing shifts at the time of the attack. At the time of the incident some of the men were getting ready to go to sleep when the ship was hit, resulting in the crewmen jumping overboard naked. Each lifeboat was equipped with blankets and these were what the survivors were wearing. Mrs. Fannie F. Ruge purchased trousers, shirts, underwear, and socks for all survivors while other citizens passed around the hat to collect contributions. Some of the personnel at the local air-base also contributed.

This was Apalachicola's first wartime emergency of World War II. The city's residents really rolled out the carpet for the survivors. The survivors were of English, Scottish, and Irish descent. The surviving crewmen credited Second Engineer J. Steel with saving their lives. Steel, who was on duty when the torpedoes ripped through the water into the *Mica's* hull, cut the ship's power and stopped her dead in the water. The *Mica* burned for more than 24 hours before it drifted into 17 fathoms of water and sank.

On and about March 14, 1985, Alex Green, Fourth Engineer of the *Mica*, revisited Apalachicola at the age of 66. At the time of the incident he was living in North Arlington, New Jersey. Green, a native of Paisley, Scotland, was a 22-year-old machinist on the 8pm to mid-night watch, whose job kept him in the bowels of the tanker. Another survivor wrote a letter to the city of Apalachicola in the 1970s.

The German submarine U-67, which sank the *Mica*, was under the command of Lt. Gunther Mueller-Stoeckheim.

In the late 1970s or early 1980s the *Mica's* propeller, made of solid cast bronze, 18' in diameter, and weighing 16 tons, was salvaged by a group of salvage operators. Its ownership wound up in the courts of this country with the original finders recovering it. Johnny and Jimmy Patronis, owners of Capt. Anderson's restaurant in Panama City Beach, purchased the propeller and erected it in front of their business in November 1983 as a memento of World War II action in this section of the Florida Panhandle.

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This boat wasn't actually in the show and very well may be next in line for a backhoe job. It was built way back in the early days of engines by a Greek immigrant named Demo George. Actually his name was Demosthenes, but that was too much for the citizenry. Greeks have always had a powerful influence all along the Florida coast of the Gulf. They liked the place and the place liked them. They were not shy, paranoid people who came here helpless and wound up in some sweat shop. The Greek immigrants around here just waded in and went to work on their own doing what they already knew how to do.

Demo George was legendary in Apalach. Despite the fact that his English never improved to match the other Demosthenes Greek, he could make himself understood perfectly and built many capable boats and established a prosperous seafood business that helped pull Apalachicola out of the misery of "reconstruction." He also populated the whole county with many Georges just as capable as he was.

The *Venezellos* is proudly named for a famous, heroic president of Greece. The boat is actually in much better shape than it looks. The original cypress planking is in perfect condition and, despite the fact that she has been sitting on the hill in the rain for many years, the cypress frames ain't all that bad either. What happened is that the nails are shot. The old boat is an extreme example of what they call "iron sick."

Them days are gone forever!



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Charles Anschutz
Vevay, Ind.

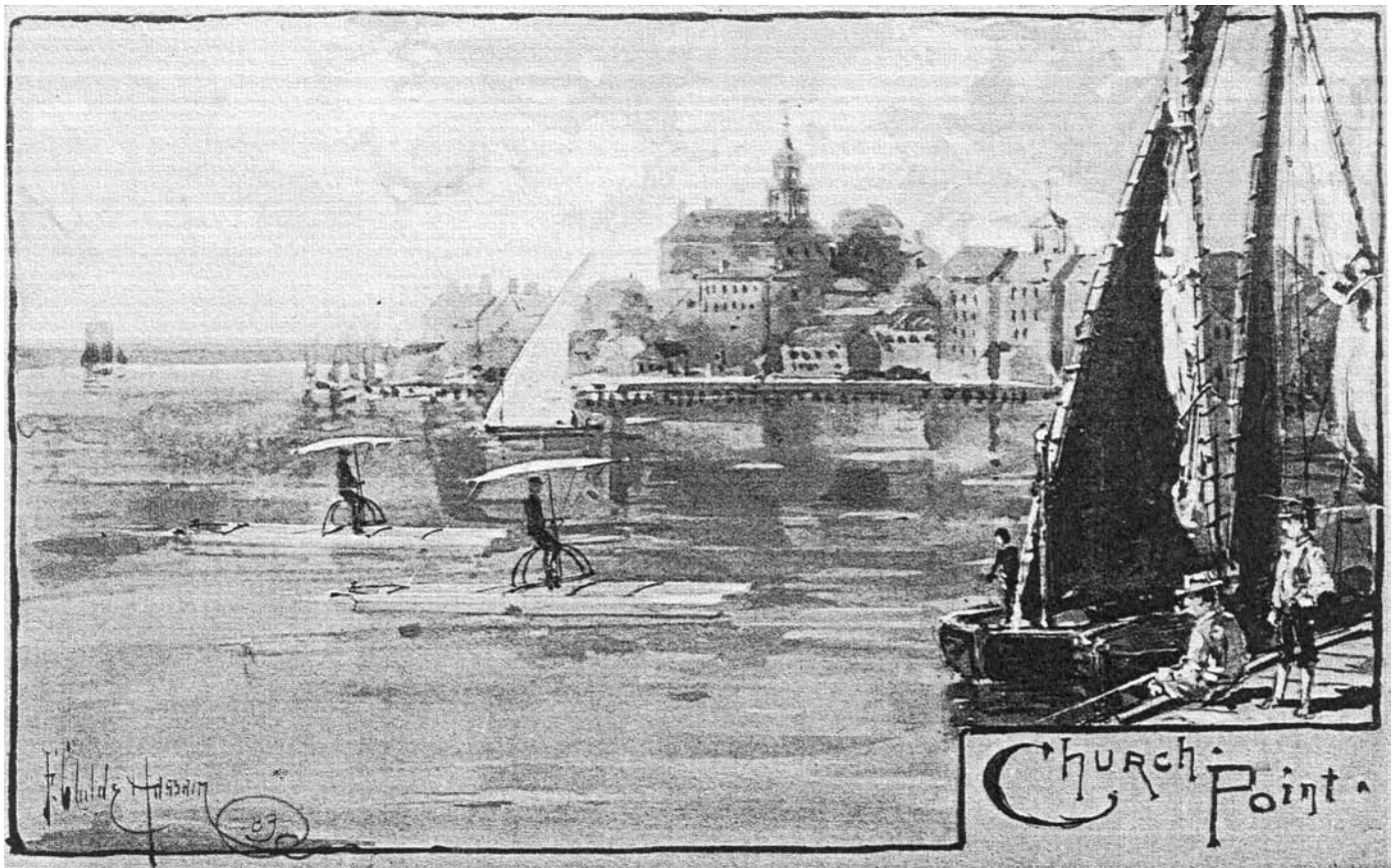


A fishing crew at the oars of a Shetland Sizareen off the Shetland Islands, circa 1900. Photo courtesy the Unst Boat Haven, Baltasound, Shetland, Scotland.



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Part First

The Piscataqua River is the dividing line between the lower portions of the states of Maine and New Hampshire. Its deep blue waters rush in from the broad Atlantic, through its wide mouth closely dotted with islands, passes by Portsmouth and, twice daily, overflows the wide expanse of Great Bay, and fills its tributary rivers to the inland towns of Dover, Berwick, and Exeter, 25 miles from its mouth. The area of the basin which it drains in New Hampshire alone is 825 square miles.

All the water from this large area, together with what flows in from the sea at each tide, is forced, by the formation and situation of the islands in front of the Portsmouth, into a space less than an eighth of a mile wide, and just below the wharves the main current is narrowed to a width of 650' and a depth of 70' and only this great depth and the rapid movement allows this vast bulk of water to rush through.

The currents afford a constant study to all boatmen. At a three-quarters ebb tide it is impossible to row a boat around several points in the river and woe be to the stranger who, at that run of the tide, attempts to pull up to the city. He would reach the wharf about as soon as if he were he to exercise his patience and await for a few hours the change to the flood tide and thereby save a prodigious expenditure of muscle.

Only boatmen of experience, familiar with the eccentric currents, succeed in the attempt and they, in order to accomplish the task under such conditions, are compelled to cross the river several times to take advantage of the eddies flowing up on the opposite side. The first crossing is at the tritely named "Pull-and-be-d-----d Point" and the next at the Narrows. To avoid Church Point, where

Pedalling On The Piscataqua

An 1883 Marine Bicycling Adventure

By C.A. Hazlett

Submitted by Kinley Gregg

the water drops several inches in a short distance, the river is crossed twice, and the oarsman, after a severe pull of half a mile, is finally rewarded with the gain of a few hundred feet.

A boatman who can handle a craft on the Piscataqua needs no further recommendation. The writer, when a slimbuilt school-boy, camped out one season near the Pool at the mouth of the Saco River in Maine. Having missed the steamer on one of its daily trips to Biddeford, and being desirous of meeting visiting friends, he was anxious to make a speedy trip up the river. Calling at the boathouse he asked if he could hire a small boat to row up to the city.

"Where were you brought up?" asked the bluff boatman.

"In a city, sir, 40 miles from here."

"I thought so," growled the old sea dog, "that's about as much as you city chaps know. Do you see that tide out there?"

"To be sure I do, sir, but I can row against it to Saco."

"Yes, you'll pull a few strokes and then drift out to sea. No sir-e-e, you can't have any of my boats."

The tearful eyes and disappointed looks touched the heart of an old coaster who had been listening to the conversation.

"My boy, what city are you from?" he asked.

"Portsmouth, sir."

"Do you ever go out on that dratted river there?"

"Yes sir! I have rowed on it ever since I can remember."

"Can you pull 'round 'Pull-and-be-d-----d Point' when it is just b'iling?"

"No sir, I always cross and take the eddy on the other side."

"Yes, yes, very good, quite right," he mumbled while he scratched his head for another question.

"But suppose it was pitch dark or foggy and you couldn't cross over, what would you do?"

"I should land and take a turn with the painter around the forward row-lock, which would sheer the boat away from the bank, and then pull the boat along the shore and by the point."

"Here," said the coaster to the boatman, "I'll be 'sponsible for the boat. If the boy can work up the Piscataqua against the tide, he can pull anywhere under the sun."

By scraping along the banks of the river and taking advantage of the eddies, the city was reached in season. There was no more hesitancy on the part of the boatman to letting the "city chap" have his boats the rest of the season.

On this ever-restless Piscataqua River the writer and the president of the Rockingham Bicycle Club propose to take the readers of *The Wheelman* and linger with them awhile at a few of the many interesting points that enticingly welcome all lovers of nature and history to a more intimate acquaintance. A three days' vacation from active business cares came to us unexpectedly in the autumn of 1882.

Being barred, by reason of the unusually bad condition of the road, from the full enjoyment of our customary pleasure conveyance, the road bicycle which, of late years had claimed the hours formerly spent on the Piscataqua, a return to our "first love" was proposed in the form of an exploring trip on a pair of newly invented watercraft, the propulsion of which would bring into play the same muscles which had, in such a satisfactory manner, conveyed us on our horses of steel over many thousands of miles of roads.

Our confidence that these novel boats would safely bear us against the treacherous tides of the river and across the long stretch of uneasy ocean to the Isles of Shoals had previously been won by our successful trips off the New England coast in October gales and March snow squalls and upon the heaving billows of Lake Michigan.

A hasty inquiry regarding the tide was answered the night previous by the boatman that a strong flood tide would occur at about 8 o'clock in the morning, and with enthusiastic anticipation of an experience of novel pleasure, we donned our knickerbockers, prepared our lunch, and bicycled to the wharf, only to find that the current was rushing downward to sea instead of upward to the inland city of Dover where dinner awaited us. The boatman had, as he said, made "a wrong mistake" and, with the prejudice of his class against innovations and rival boats, he suggested that if we had so much confidence in our crafts we had better show it by going upstream against the rushing tide.

Being perfectly familiar with the eddies and tides of the upper Piscataqua we answered his innuendo in the affirmative and, cheered by the assembled crowd of friends, lowered our propellers and started on the pioneer three days' trip of 50-odd miles.

For a distance of half a mile above the place of our departure no advantage could be taken of the favoring eddies on account of the long wharves extending out into the current and we had to make rapid revolutions with our feet to gain any headway against the tide. We ran close to the wharves and by the numerous coal-laden vessels and after half a mile of pedalling we passed under the long pile bridge which, in 1822, took the place of the old ferry that ran between Portsmouth and Kittery. It is a third of a mile long and requires a large yearly outlay to keep it in place. The water is 60' deep at low tide and the red oak timbers that are bought for the piles have to average 50' in length so that when two are spliced together the pile measures no less than 84' in length. If the water were drawn off the majority of the people would hesitate before crossing a wooden bridge perched upon long piles over 75' above the bed of the river.

In the spring months huge cakes of ice float out from the inlets above and are swept down by the powerful tide against the bridge. Schooners, losing their anchorage, have been forced by the tide against its unyielding sides and sunk, with only the tops of the main-masts remaining above the water to mark their resting places.

The bridge brings into use a species of craft peculiar to this river and rarely seen anywhere else on the continent. These gondolas (locally pronounced gun/lo) are large, flat-bottomed boats rigged with a lateen sail so that, having a short mast with an exceedingly long yard, they spread a great amount of canvas and yet the yard, being easily

swung to the horizontal position, allows the vessel to pass freely under the bridge. They are provided with a lee-board instead of a centre-board. For many years they performed the freighting business up and down the river between the distant towns while packets, similarly rigged, carried the lighter freight and passengers. With a favorable wind the heavy triangular sails forced these picturesque boats through the water at great speed.

It was an amusing sight to watch the movements of the dwellers on the banks of the river when we appeared. They had always been accustomed to seeing a boat propelled by an oarsman sitting with his face toward the stem of his boat and frequently and uncomfortably turning his head to watch his course.

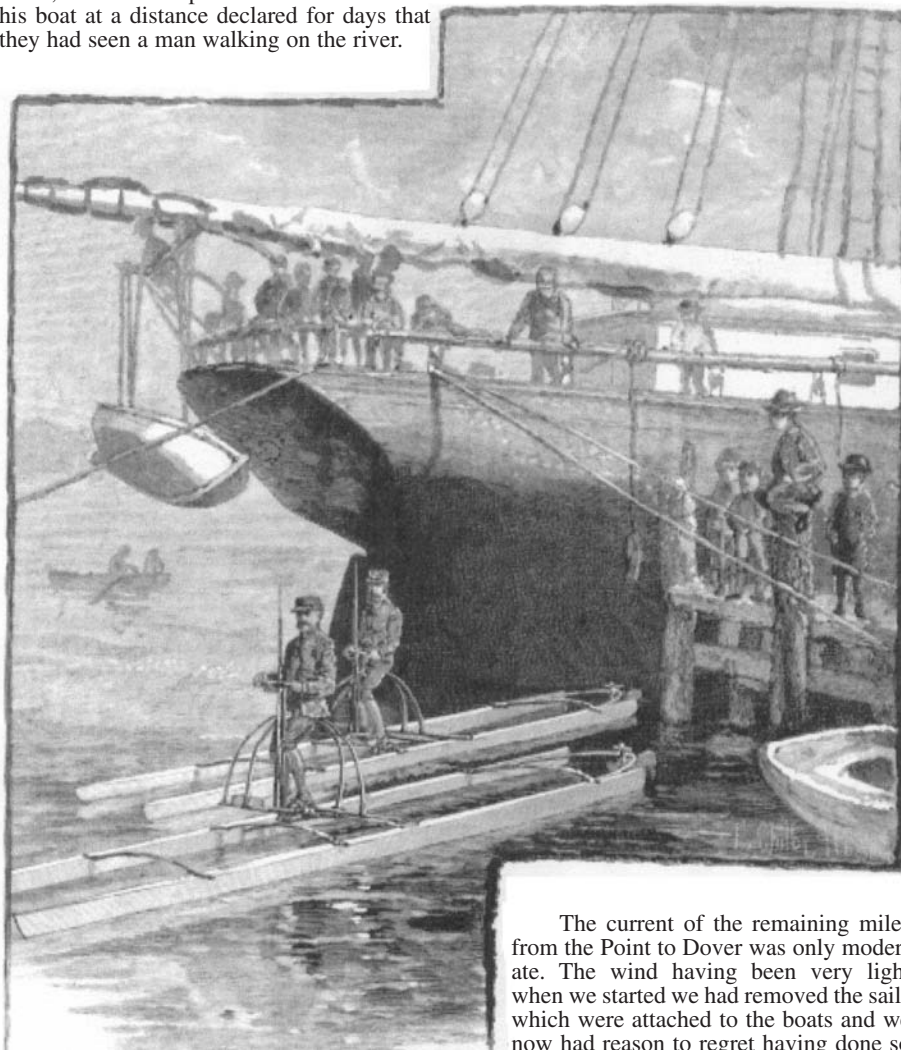
Here was a new craft with the whole position reversed and propelled by the stronger muscles of the legs instead of the arms. The novelty caused them to blankly stare the first moment and then, that others might share their wonderment, they would run at full speed for the nearest house and then on to the next so that we were greeted by a full audience and a score of conundrums whenever we reached a wharf or a projecting point.

"Here comes the devil on two sticks," excitedly shouted one sailor-farmer when he saw the leading catamaran. One of the first boats that the inventor constructed had very shallow floats whose tops were level with the water, and several parties who saw him on his boat at a distance declared for days that they had seen a man walking on the river.

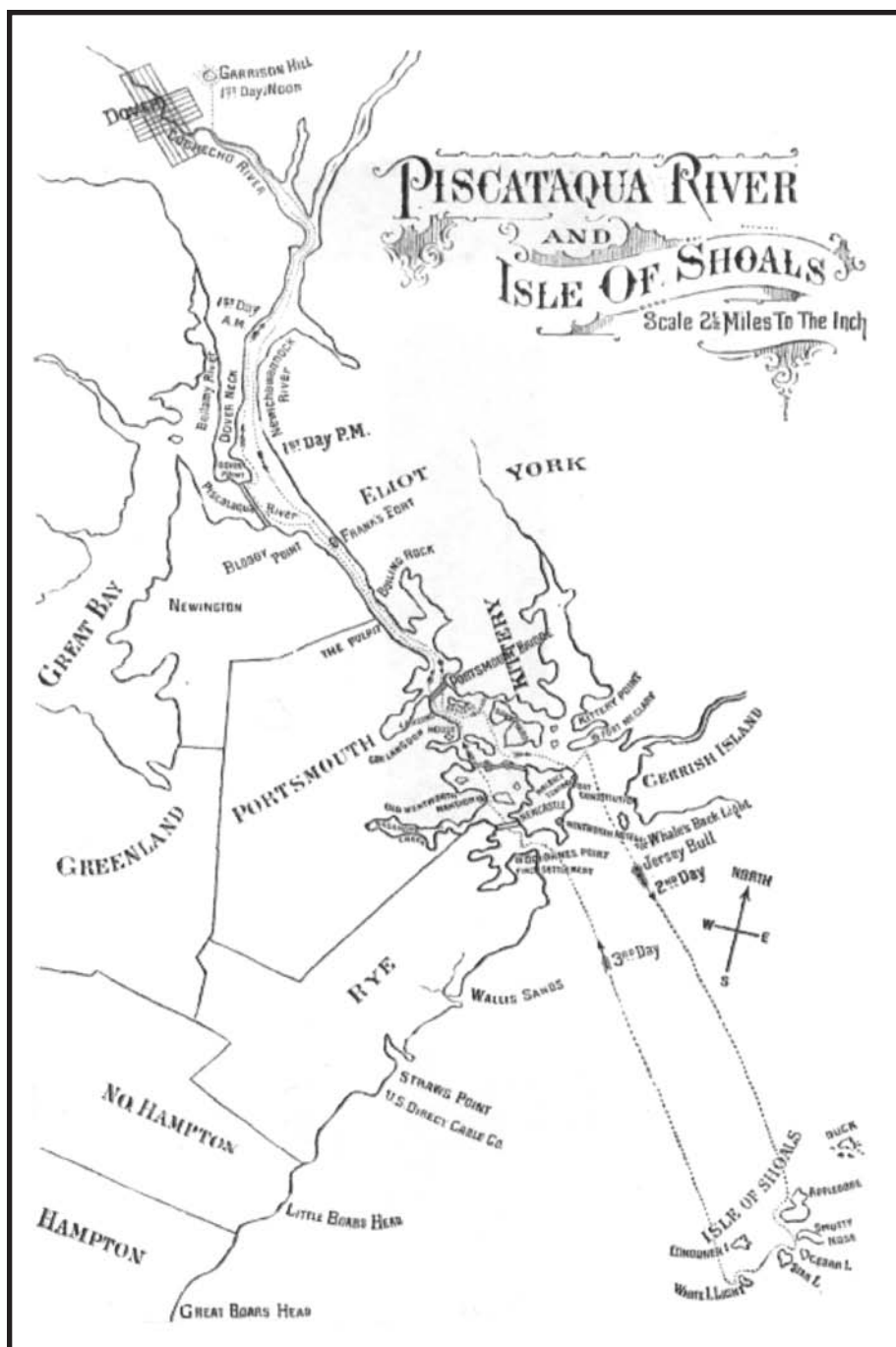
It being low tide we landed on the Newington shore to quench our thirst from the spring which bubbled up through the sand over which the salt water flows at every high tide. Across the river on the Eliot side we visited Frank's Fort, a curious island located out on the edge of the current with steep sides rising like the sharp roof of an old house, one side mossy green with its covering of short grass, and the other newly shingled by every storm with a fresh covering of yellow sand that rolls from its top into the river. It is a famous spot for small picnic parties.

In order to land at Dover Point we crossed the river again and passed close to Bloody Point. From this sanguinary ground we took a course parallel with the long wooden bridge of the Portsmouth & Dover Railroad to the Dover-Point House which is finely situated at the extreme end of a narrow ridge of land extending for several miles between the two rivers that flow from Dover into the Piscataqua at this point.

The proprietor of the hotel gave us a warm welcome, having watched our progress against the strong current. Scarcely two hours had elapsed since we left the doubting boatman six miles below, and though it had been hard, steady work against the head tide, we had succeeded, making the run quicker and more comfortably than he could have with the best of his boats.



The current of the remaining miles from the Point to Dover was only moderate. The wind having been very light when we started we had removed the sails which were attached to the boats and we now had reason to regret having done so for, at this point, the wind increased and



reversing our propellers by back pedalling elicited the most liberal applause.

The exhibition delayed our departure beyond the appointed hour and the sun was setting when we pointed our bows homeward. For three miles the river was without a ripple and its polished surface reflected every cloud above and every tree and shrub on its banks, at some places it being difficult to distinguish the dividing line between the water and the land, so perfect was the reflection.

Below the "races" at Dover Point we met the sweep of the tide from Great Bay. Here deep darkness closed around us and we kept to the middle of the river, only guided by the noise of the current against the projecting points. Frank's Fort was passed with a rush and then came the roar of Boiling Rock, a huge boulder off the Eliot shore whose top can only be seen on the lowest run of the spring tides.

How the furious tide rushed us along into the inky darkness! A few minutes more and our first day's trip of 28 miles would be accomplished. A mile above the Portsmouth Bridge we distinctly heard the rush of water against its piles and we steered shoreward to find the dividing line between the tide and the eddy in order to pass under the bridge through its widest opening on the western shore, away from the force of the tide.

Many a boat has missed the opening in the centre of the bridge and been capsized by the resistless current forcing it against the piles. Many a stranger has found out, when too late, that the current runs diagonally through the openings, it being deflected across the river by the peculiar formation of its banks. He is also deceived by the bridge itself, it having one end farther upriver than the other.

The bridge being a double one and very wide, unless the opening be entered on the favorable side the boat is dashed against or between the piles before the passage is completed. It is rarely possible to release a boat caught in this way and a capsize and a wrecked boat is the result and the occupants are not infrequently drowned.

The first passage by a river boy under the bridge at full strength of the tide is the great event of his river experience. A successful trip is good evidence that he has pluck, skill, and steady nerves, especially if he passes through one of the narrow openings. Long acquaintance with the danger attending "shooting the bridge" had made us conservative, especially on such an unusually dark night and, though we had many times pedalled through while on the catamarans, we now steered them toward the western side as best we could, guided only by the roar of the bridge.

Although rushing rapidly towards the bridge, we were yet gradually nearing the shore when the president ran into a floating mass of eel grass and, becoming entangled, he drifted helplessly and swiftly toward the dreaded bridge. What must the captain do? Make for the shore and save one boat or follow and try to save his companion from the wreck? The latter course was chosen. He had seen "Drunken Jerry," when hardly able to hold a paddle, float through the treacherous opening and why should not as good luck attend the temperate president who, if not thrown off by the collision, might cling to one of its airtight compartments? It now looked as though the question was to be answered as to how many of these compart-

would have very materially contributed toward our progress.

The stream gradually narrows and near the city was so contracted that the United States government has spent large sums of money in widening and deepening the channel so as to enable loaded schooners to reach the city. Many brickyards are located on the shores of the river and the adjacent neat houses are evidence that the products of the clay banks have been exchanged for the comfort as well as profit of the community. After the Boston fire the sudden rise in the price of bricks made the clay banks the most profitable part of the farms.

Anticipating that a crowd of curious people would collect about our boats if left at a city wharf, we pulled them upon the banks of the river below the city and prevented anyone from using them by removing the steering bars. We then ascended Garrison Hill, about a mile from our landing, to take a

bird's-eye view of the waters to be ploughed through the remainder of the trip.

We found on our return to the landing, after spending several hours in the city, that the precautions we had taken to prevent the curious from trying to use our boats had been effectual but our secret arrival had been noticed and reported and a mixed company had assembled and was rapidly growing larger.

In answer to repeated and polite requests we pedalled our boats nearer the city and gave an exhibition to an audience that was equalled in size and wonderment only by the one that the writer, near the same place, entertained in April 1879 with the sight of the pioneer road bicycle. Five feats on the old Columbia, one of which was a header, served to astonish the crowd more than an exhibition by a Smith or Wilmot would today. The quickness with which we could stop our boats, when under full headway, by simply

ments were actually necessary to hold the rider and machinery above the water in case a part of them were broken.

But now another difficulty arose. The whirlpools began to revolve the boat, and if the long craft reached the opening broadside on it could not pass through. Revolving these questions quickly in his mind, the captain saw a slight chance for a rescue, or at least an opportunity to keep the president's boat bows on.

Throwing to the president his long painter, he directed him to tie the end of it around one of the stern crossbars, which was quickly done and, by back-peddalling his own boat, the rope tightened and the mass of eel-grass was torn away by the tide from the now stationary boat. Now came the final struggle. Could the captain back-pedal both boats against the rushing tide? The president aided with his paddle, not having had time to resume his seat. A brief struggle showed that the dark outlines of the bridge did not recede. The rapid pedalling could not be maintained much longer.

The president shouted, "You can't do it, cap. Look out for yourself. I'm going to try to slip through." Before a protest could reach him he had cut the rope and disappeared in the darkness.

Part Second

It was but a moment after the president had so unwisely cut the rope that held the two boats together and trusted to his own skill and luck to paddle through the bridge that a crash came to the ears of the captain which told him that the hasty venture of his companion had not met with success.

He pedaled rapidly forward into the opening and discovered that the bow of the port float had been caught between two of the outer piles. The immense force of the tide held the president's craft a close prisoner for an instant only and then, whirling the boat around with a rush, the strong bow was snapped off as though it had been a pipe stem.

The president shouted, "I'm all right, cap," and floated off down the river, thanking his lucky stars that he was on a boat with airtight compartments, for any other boat with a broken bow would certainly have sunk. The water partially filled the broken compartment, but only to the height of the water line which did not materially lessen the progress of the boat, for the remaining compartments prevented the floats from sinking deeper.

Yet in order to more readily make the difficult landing at the wharf, the marines were lashed together side by side and the voyagers unitedly pedalled their "sociable" over the intervening half mile at a rapid rate. The landing was safely effected and, as the time-honored curfew bell rang out its 9 o'clock warning, the boats had been secured upon the floating stage and arrangements completed for the substitution of a new float in place of the damaged one.

Early the next morning a duplicate float was obtained from the manufactory and in a few moments all the parts with the lag screws were taken from the broken float and we pushed off for the second day's exploration of the shores of the Piscataqua River.

We crossed to the eastern side of the river and landed at Fernald's Island, occupied by the U.S. Navy Department as a Navy yard. All the 50 buildings on the island are substantially built and kept in good repair.

The ordnance building has many curious weapons arranged with mathematical precision and everything is kept with scrupulous neatness. Stacks of guns and pikes border the main room, in the centre of which is a table on which weapons are arranged in circles, one above another. The whole reminded us somewhat of a flower, a huge blossom of death.

Resuming our saddles we passed beneath the giant mast shears by "rotten row" where are anchored the rapidly decaying hulks of numerous war vessels that did effective service during the rebellion and directed our course for the whirlpools of the narrows between the twin earthworks of Forts Sullivan and Washington.

In the narrows our little exploring fleet was doubled in numbers by the addition of the inventor of the marine bicycle, accompanied by his sister. They were enjoying a morning ride around the ancient town of Newcastle, which is situated on Great Island. The major dashed along on his light-built machine at a rapid rate while his sister, comfortably placed on a tricycle seat, pedalled her own craft with apparent ease. The season before she had made a day's run of 28 miles to Dover and return, over the same course we had so recently run. She passes many hours upon her novel boat and does not hesitate to run out upon the waves of the Atlantic.

A mile down the river we wished them bon voyage from the steps of the old wharf at Fort Constitution and, mounting the ramparts of the fort, we watched them as they rolled up and down but ever onward over the long, undulating waves that bordered with white foam a mile from the seashore of the rocky island.

In order to visit Fort McClary we crossed again to the Kittery side, passing by the North Atlantic fleet at anchor in mid-stream. The officers and sailors of the *Tennessee* and *Kearsarge* crowded the sides of their ships to look upon the novelties upon which we were floating and plied us with questions. The faces presented amazed and pleased, doubting and satisfied looks, when we tried, with one answer, to satisfy a dozen conflicting questions that were showered down upon us.

Fort McClary was formerly Fort Pepperell, but after the Revolution the name

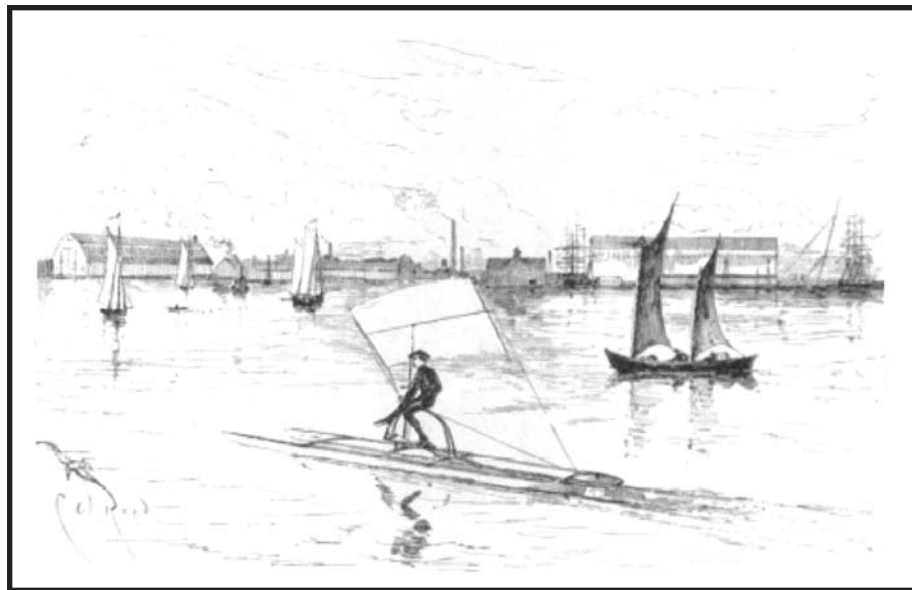
was changed in memory of one of New Hampshire's gallant sons who fell at Bunker Hill. The peculiar blockhouse, loop-holed for musketry, is a prominent object.

Again we resume our saddles and direct our crafts seaward towards the Isles of Shoals, but when headed between Wood Island and Whale's-back light we noticed a familiar signal from Pocahontas Point, made by repeated raising and lowering of the flag floating from the tall flagstaff. We changed our course to the familiar campground of boyhood days. We moored our boats alongside a similar craft, the property of the owner of the little sea cottage perched upon the edge of the high, rocky banks of Gerrish's Island, and commanding an attractive view of the entrance to the harbor and the majestic ocean.

After bestowing ample justice upon the wholesome fare spread before us by our genial host, we left the rock shores and steered our crafts close to Whale's-back lighthouse to interview the keeper. Just after the erection of the new tower, on the night of the terrible storm in November 1871, the keeper of the light and his son were imprisoned in the old tower over which the sea broke furiously, being unable through reason of the severity of the gale to reach the new one standing by its side and which had not as yet been occupied.

The old lighthouse was shaken as if its sides had been of wood instead of stone and mortar and seemed to its terrified occupants upon the point of toppling over into the ocean. They had a night of dread uncertainty and narrowly escaped from the fate that befell the unfortunate tenants of the lighthouse upon Minot's Ledge, blown over in 1851 and yet, despite that terror and extremity, they failed not in the faithful discharge of the duty incumbent upon them to keep the signal brightly burning for the guidance of outside mariners, sharing with themselves the perils of the storm.

A short distance south of Whale's-back light we passed by Kitt's rocks, near which the government recently placed an automatic whistling buoy, popularly denominated the "Jersey Bull." When the wind and waves are favorable the various mournful sounds and dismal groans it produces are frequently heard in Portsmouth, distant over three miles,



and many amusing instances are related of persons deceived by the strange sound to such a degree that they have caused search to be made through their grounds for distressed animals, while new servants have rushed from their chambers en dishabille, declaring their rooms to be haunted.

Six nautical miles S.S.E. of us we could see the White Island lighthouse and the black rocks of the Isles of Shoals. The sea was by no means in its calmest mood and, as we ventured out farther and farther from the shore, the wind steadily increased, capping the waves with white foam and tossing the boats first up, then down, so that every moment the bows would disappear beneath a wave and the propellers would whirl around in the air, but only for an instant, as the narrow, buoyant bows, shedding the water, would shoot upward, burying in turn the quickly revolving propellers beneath the wave and forcing the boats rapidly ahead. This rocking horse motion was very exciting and fully as exhilarating as coasting the steepest and smoothest of hills on the road bicycle.

There were but few vessels in sight and they were all at a distance, save one schooner which we noticed changed her course suddenly and steered directly for us. When within hailing distance the helmsman shouted, "Ahoy, there! What you out here for? I thought you were clinging to the bottom of a boat."

"We are bound for the Shoals. What do you think of the weather?"

"You'd better get inter harbor. It'll blow like fury in an hour."

"Thank you, we shall make Appledore before then. Good day."

Though the wind was not favorable we thought by tacking we might make better progress under sail so, unfurling our awnings, we set them at the proper angles, pulled up our propellers, and were quickly dashing through the billows at a rapid rate. Occasionally we would strike an extra heavy wave, forcing us to throw our feet over the handle bars to prevent their being wet.

We had no fear for one of us had been tossed about on higher waves on Lake Michigan and the other had pedalled his craft safely for several hours through a much heavier sea off Nahant, Massachusetts, in a March snow squall, and then run up Lynn harbor under sail at the rate of 12 miles an hour. Our speed caused the black bulk of Appledore to gradually rise above the horizon and the hotel to grow larger and more distinct.

The wind and waves increased in force and size, and we trembled as we began to realize how puny and helpless are men and their inventions amid the powers of Nature and the elements. However, by taking every advantage that careful sail trimming and skillful steering would give us, we succeeded, just as the storm struck in its fury, in passing into the calmer waters protected by the breakwater of logs and hauled our floats upon the floating stage in front of the Appledore House.

A good night's rest prepared us for our return trip. The wind had subsided and the ocean was comparatively calm as we launched our boats early in the morning to visit the western isles of the group. We landed at Smutty Nose, the scene of the Wagner murder, and then stopped on Star Island, the third in size among the group, containing 180 acres of rock and soil, forty-nine fiftieths of

which is rock. Steering southwest we landed at White Island light, walked through the covered way to the lighthouse, and climbed the stairs to see the \$30,000 Fresnel light in its case of beautiful prisms.

We carefully examined our boats and oiled the gearing and machinery for we had eight miles of sea between us and our next landing. During the forenoon the wind had increased and the waves grown higher so that we had to use all our skill and strength in launching our boats from the island. The wind was, however, directly astern and, setting our sails, we were soon bounding along in coasting attitude. There were no headers to fear and we were enjoying to the utmost the most exhilarating portion of the trip.

We had accepted an invitation to dine with a party of visiting wheelmen camping out at Wallis Sands, provided the sea was not too rough to prevent a landing. In less than an hour after leaving the lighthouse we could see the signal of our friends and glistening of their nickelled wheels.

The breakers were rolling up the beach in grand style and with a force that seemed to them, in their inexperience, strong enough to prevent our joining them. Here again our familiarity with surf-boating became of advantage to us.

Awaiting the appearance of a heavy wave, we placed and held the marines on its top by working the propellers until the water grew shallow, when we raised the propellers above the floats and were left high and dry on the beach as the wave receded. Before the succeeding wave reached us, we had run forward on the floats and stepped on the sandy beach. Then, with the long boathook placed around the forward cross bars, we easily pulled the boats, as they were lifted by the next wave, to a secure height above the water.

The chowder was eaten with a relish and after a spin on the road bicycles across the beach, we were ready to launch our boats into the surf "where the green buds of waves burst into white froth-flowers" and push off for Odiorne's Point.

Passing under the bridge leading to the palatial Wentworth hotel we were directly among a little fleet of boats, scows, etc., the crews of which had for weeks been dredging for lost or buried treasure, whether Captain Kidd's or some other freebooter's they would not reveal. Across from the hotel we stepped ashore in front of the old Wentworth mansion and stood before the rambling collection of buildings, uncertain at which of the entrances to apply for admission. The structure, completed in 1750, originally contained 52 rooms while the cellar was arranged for the accommodation of a troop of 30 horses in times of danger. Prepared for an interior as unattractive and whimsical as the outside, the usual conjecture of a visitor is at fault, for this queer old bundle of joiner's patchwork with its gables, dormer windows, and extensions everywhere, contains apartments which indicate that the governor cared less for the rind than the fruit.

Leaving the quaint old mansion we pedalled our catamarans between the numerous islands above Little Harbor and passed by the wharves of Portsmouth with their background of quaint, historical houses. As the sun was setting we reached our landing and the end of our trip of 50 miles, the novelty and enjoyment of which we have not half told you.

Postscript

By Kinley Gregg

In the fall of 1882 men from all over New Hampshire rode their high wheel bicycles to Portsmouth for a three-day gathering that culminated with the organization of the League of New Hampshire Wheelmen. After assembling on a Saturday, the cyclists devoted Sunday to a 32-mile tour of the coastal towns of Newcastle, Rye, and Hampton, during which they stopped at various historic sites and Wallis Sands. On Monday they paraded in formation through the principle streets of Portsmouth, posed for a group photograph, and adjourned to the city wharves to watch two local cycling enthusiasts engage in a marine bicycle race. The course, Church Point upstream to a railroad bridge and back, was maybe a mile long. Charles A. Hazlett, captain of the Rockingham Bicycle Club, prevailed by a small margin over Frank J. Philbrick, the club's president.

From this modest exhibition, a "novelty" to the local newspaper, the yarn of the captain and the president's coastal escapade was spun. The tale combines the completely improbable (pedaling a penny-farthing out to the Isles of Shoals) with the flat-out factually wrong (the North Atlantic Squadron left Portsmouth two months before the gold dredging operation commenced). Hazlett and Philbrick, as officers of the host club, were, in fact, guiding the party of visiting wheelmen they imagine approaching through "breakers rolling up on the beach in grand style."

Hazlett didn't need to exaggerate the pull of Piscataqua, tides. September 16, 1882, the very day the New Hampshire wheelmen convened, the daily Portsmouth Journal published a bit of local doggerel:

Portsmouth Bridge

In the midst of gathering darkness,
With a sweet girl by my side,
Upon the swift Piscataqua,
I'm drifting with the tide.

We hear the rushing waters,
As they pass the rocky shores...
My arm encircles her fair form,
And idle are the oars.

The list'ning, watching, happy stars
Smile upon us from above...
The rippling wavelets hear me tell,
The story of my love.

Don't kiss me any more...
You know my heart's all yours...
I'm fearful of that awful bridge;
Oh, please take up the oars!
Theo.

The railroad bridge crossed the river where the middle, or bypass, bridge now is. Church Point, an antiquated place name used by Hazlett, refers to the vicinity of St. John's and Bow Street. And bygone Pull-and-be-Damned Point, noted on charts as Henderson's Point, extended from Seavey Island into the main channel toward Peirce Island. It was dynamited in 1905 to facilitate expansion of the Navy yard upstream. Fort Sullivan, near the present site of the brig on Seavey, and Fort Washington, under the sewage plant on Peirce, no longer exist.

"Pedalling on the Piscataqua" appeared, serialized, in the April and July 1883 issues

Because freight rates on boats were four times the usual cost of first class rail freight, delivery at the Ramaley plant was recommended to customers. Each Saturday morning, the local one-horse dray would start delivering boats and when some were not picked up by customers, occasionally it fell to my gleeful lot to be given an old beaver-tailed launch, the Sultana, to make towing deliveries at any part of the 100-mile Minnetonka shoreline.

My pay scale went down to 40 cents an hour on this chore, but I was being paid for playing. I think 80 cents an hour was the going wage for the other boatbuilders, except for the other team of Phil Sutherland and Bill Swaggert, who also did well on rowboat piecework. Both of those fellows left to start separate shops of their own.

A team of men I remember only by the names of Henderson and Martin built canoes in the loft on the second floor. The upside down mold was solid wood, strapped by 2" wide hard brass straps over which flat 1/4"x2" cedar frames were steam bent and fastened to false wales that stood down from the sheer line about 3".

Then the light 3/16"-1/4" cedar plank-ing was laid on in broad strakes, being fastened to the cedar frames by copper clout nails that were clinched over by the brass straps on the mold under them. Because the canoes were built bottom-up, the canvas was next stretched over the planked hull, tacked down, and liberally watered with a sprinkling can to shrink the 12oz. canvas. Henderson did this work.

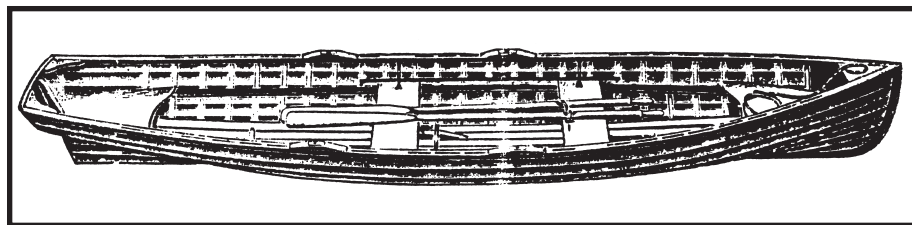
Martin would then move the hull over onto sawhorses in his paint shop end of the loft and apply a sizing made of about half parts of Valspar gunked up with whiting. The drying process took a couple of days, with other boats coming along, and after the first coat had been sanded down another coat was applied, and then next, the final color, enamel reds, enamel blues, enamel greens.

I never paid much attention to the canoe end so I cannot offer statistics. A lot of them were built and shipped.

My first serious motorboat design was for Winfield C. Wood, Gar Wood's younger brother. Named Sunbeam, she was first powered with a 60hp Capitol-Buda. She cost Win \$1,100 and would do darned near 30mph. Later Win installed an OX-5 Capitol conversion and she was a screamer. My fee for drawing the lines was \$25, which I thought a fortune commensurate with my budding genius.

Verily, those were the days of romance, the halcyon days of the motorboat. To those of us who were mere sprouts in that wonderful time of boat development, a perusal of the ads of that day, and even earlier, will flash back to the bragging, the provincialism, the

Back in the '20s young Weston Farmer, teamed with another man, turned out three gig-sterned clinker-built rowboats similar to the below every 18 hours at the Ramaley shop. This boat, advertised in a post-World War I Sears Roebuck catalog, listed for the incredible price of \$31.95 for a 14-footer and \$35.95 for a 16' version.



Halcyon Days

Part 6

Weston Farmer

juvenility of a then young and vigorous business. Merely by reading what so-and-so's product is claimed to avoid, the ills it is NOT heir to, one can spot the gremlins of boating that plagued Grandpa.

"Make us prove it!" was a frequent line. One naive brag went thus, "Oriole Engines, Built in Baltimore, Will Run Anywhere." This infers that if the engine would run on the air found in Baltimore, it wouldn't suffocate anyplace. Here is another engine builder's argument, "Positively proved by faultless performance as being second to none, but superior in every way."

A spark plug maker spent sincere money on this ad, "Our efforts to bring out a spark plug that will not refuse to spark have been fully realized." Ignition, then as now (1975), was a universal bugaboo, but nearer to root trouble in the early days. The industry claimed 30 spark coil manufacturers. In a straight-faced bit of mechanical sales argument, one coil maker asked this, "Why shouldn't a motorboat have as good a coil as an automobile? If YOU think it should, write us and we'll tell you why WE think it should. If your automobile coil gives out, you can walk. If your motorboat coil gives out, it's too wet to walk." This was considered an unassailable sales pitch. Honesty, based on logic, was the tenor of the time, rather than today's (1976) subliminal fantasia of bikinis and girlish rearendums.

Only in the field of miracle paints, and in the claim of lubrication devices or fuel nostrums and gunks, was the old patent medicine pitch retained. They were advertised as though to say, "If you think we are liars, read this letter from (then would follow the name of a local tycoon who, of course, had probably made his money lying, but who had never been caught)."

William Harnden Foster's "Mr. Sunewill B. Enangel" was typical of the fuel experimenters. Even then trick lubricants were being brewed. "Jevver hear of a non-fluid oil?" One fellow came up with such a preparation, evidently feeling that ordinary lubricants were merely soapy water. He advertised as follows, "You can buy NON-FLUID OILS almost anywhere you go, two grades for the motorboat, K-000 for compression cups and K-00 Special for gear cases."

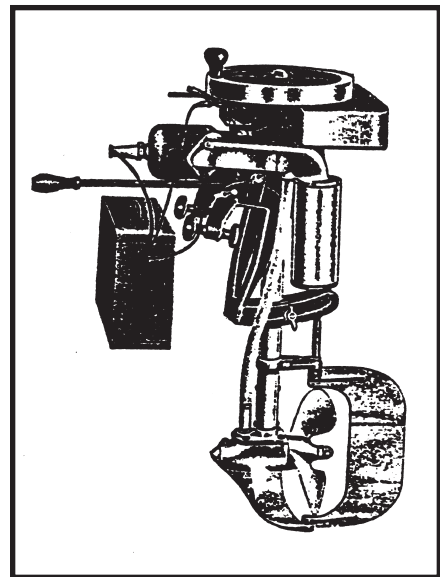
There is one old ad that tops them all for innocent sincerity. Marine plumbing, as all boat users know, has always been a nightmare. Sands, Durkee, Curtiss, Wilcox & Crittenden and the E.J. Willis Co. all made or sold marine toilets, nautically termed "heads." To meet this competition in 1905, one earnest young man, William Goblet of lower Manhattan, took a whole page ad which shows himself holding, full face to the reader, one of his new patent heads. Behind this he peers imploringly and with great pride, exclaiming, "You can't go wrong on a Goblet!"

Before I bring this reminiscing about the flavor of old times to a close, I offer an explanation as to its final form. A whole definitive history of the powerboating game would have called for dates, names of boats, numbers, and march, march, march. Anyone wanting that kind of reading would do better referring to a telephone book. In the telling, I have found myself tangled up in choices between two techniques, straight reporting, which is one thing, and the more expansive narration of human juices, which is another, calling for scenes and dialogue. I chose the latter course at the risk of leaving the reader with the impression that the author was like a fossilized old sailor memorializing the great tea race between the Ariel and Taeping, Foochow to London.

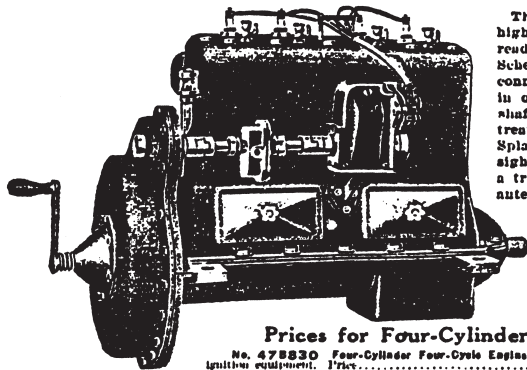
However, I still believe that the old days were better. If you could invent a better proposition, you could market it, if you "could make it, you could keep it." Halcyon days!

(Conclusion)

The battery equipped Motorgo Row Boat Engine was sold by Sears Roebuck for \$38.50, complete with battery. "It steers with a rudder," read the catalog copy, "and will propel a row boat 6 to 8 miles an hour."



Four-Cylinder Four-Cycle Engine



This engine is equipped with Splitdorf Dixie high tension magneto with cables and plugs ready for starting; no batteries are needed. Schebler model "D" carburetor with warm air connection. Exhaust and intake manifolds cast in one piece; cylinder head removable; crankshaft and connecting rods drop forged, heat treated; removable die cast babbit bearings. Splash and force feed system of oiling with sight feed oil glass. Engine shipped for as long a trial as you want. Satisfactory service guaranteed. Write for more complete description.

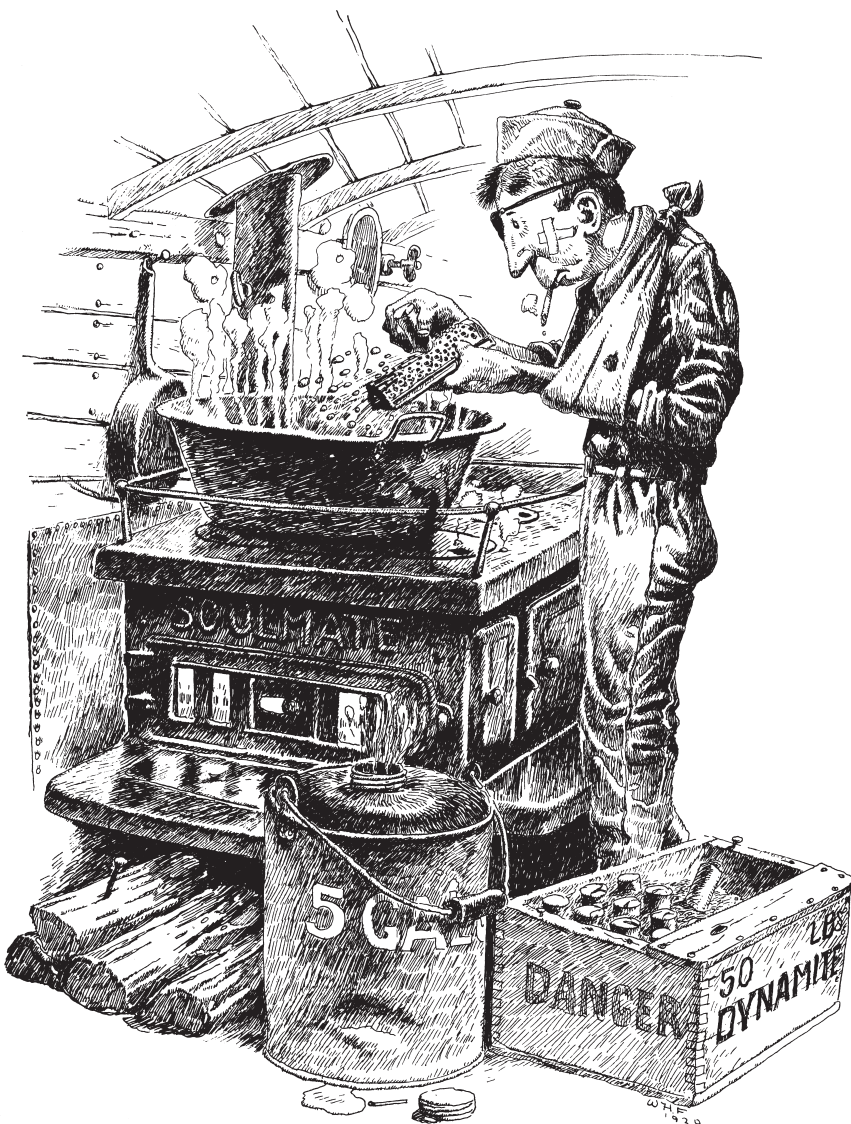
Bore, 3 1/4 inches. Stroke, 4 1/4 inches. Speed, 200 to 1,500 revolutions per minute. Horse Power, 14 to 20. Weight, with carburetor and magneto, about 450 lbs. Shipped from factory in JACKSON, MICH.

Prices for Four-Cylinder Engine and Equipment.

No. 478830	Four-Cylinder Four-Cycle Engine, complete with carburetor, magneto and ignition equipment.	Price.....	\$198.00
No. 478883	18-inch Two-Blade Bronze Propeller. Shipping weight, 5 1/2 pounds.	Price.....	5.65

In engine advertising, "Make us prove it" was a popular theme. While one naive boast read, "Oriole Engines-Built in Baltimore, Will Run Anywhere," this ad quietly offered, "Engine shipped for as long a trial as you want. Satisfactory service guaranteed."

Mr. Sunewill B. Enangel, inventor of Gasomite, or intensified gasolene. We momentarily expect to hear the report of his last experiment.



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When I saw the Bolger article in the February 15th issue talking about a cruise with no engine, it brought back a great memory. I thought I would share it with you. Now this all happened about 30 some years ago so some of the details are fuzzy, and since I am not a professional I am not going to look up the timing or the facts. I am just going with my memory.

In my mid youth some Minnesota friends and I got to sail in the SORC. After some experience we found we could show up on the docks in Miami and find a boat that needed crew for the Miami to Nassau race. This particular year Bob and I got on a Canadian boat, some 33' with a crew so inexperienced that Bob and I were made watch captains. We had to explain to the owner captain the most efficient way to cross the Gulf Stream (or at least what we thought was the most efficient way).

I should note that Bob was a pilot for Norwest Airlines and my wife was a flight attendant (or stewardess back then) so we could fly practically free and other people thought we knew what we were doing.

The race over was just not a lot of fun and we must have finished badly, a 33-footer is not the best boat for that race. But we made it to Nassau. I don't remember a lot of the next week in the sun for that year but I can remember seeing snow flakes at the dock one year and lighting Ted Turner's cigar at the airport the first year we went.

To finally get to the point of the story, the best benefit of racing to Nassau is that when the racing is over all the owners jump on a plane and fly home and no one wants to sail the boats back. All the professional captains are short-handed so we had a good

A Different Cruise Without an Engine

By Chuck Sautter

selection of neat boats to crew coming back to Florida. Bob and I got on a boat called *Bay Bea*. She was by far the neatest boat of the year. She was owned by Pat Haggerty, the owner of Texas Instruments, and was a wood (West System™ laminate) 40', tiller steered, center boarder. I think she was built by Palmer Johnson in Wisconsin just for the SORC. How COOL.

There was the paid captain, his girl, plus Bob and me on a 40' racing boat. Oh, note that the "girl" was a very qualified sailor, she hooked up with the captain so she could sail on good boats and she knew what she was doing. When the captain said we could crew on the boat back he did mention that the engine was frozen up so we had no power. We could care less. We would be cruising without power (the memory jog).

When we left Nassau the weather was cool and the wind about 15kts. just off our nose. We got to know the boat and settled in for a bit of a slog. We were going to stop at one of the islands on the way back but darkness came before we got there and we lost the last of our battery juice. We did have a handheld VHF and were trying to hook up with some other returning boats. It was so strange to be staring out into the pitch black trying to find the other boats, they said they had all their lights on, including the emergency strobes, but we could not see them. We obviously were not where we thought we were.

I was still smoking in those days and I had one cigarette left so while we were still searching on a broad reach I went below to get it. As I stepped back up on deck Bob said "get down," luckily I dropped immediately. The boom of that 40-footer under full main came flying across the cockpit. If I had been standing there the boom would have either killed me outright or thrown me so far into the water they would have never found me without an engine or lights. The captain (at the helm) said, "I guess it jibed," and that was that. I thanked Bob and smoked my last cigarette.

We anchored for the night. Now usually when you are sailing back a lot of boats will meet up at one of the islands and party for a few days and that was kinda our plan. At dawn's early light we looked around and saw no other boats, the wind was building, and the captain says, "Lets go." Now this is not up for discussion, The captain says, we do, believe me we didn't even think to say anything different. We were not friends with the captain, we were like a necessary nuisance, he didn't dislike us, we were just there as doubtful help. So shortly we were beating out of the bay with the spray coming over the bow as the boat slammed into the seas. The sea was covered with whitecaps.

The captain's girl was below making breakfast. She popped up and said, "Well, there goes the bacon," and tosses the remains overboard. A few minutes later she popped up, "Well, there goes the eggs," and those remains follow overboard. We were heeled over so far that the stove gimbals failed. "Anybody want some bread?" YOU BET!

Once we beat out of the bay we could reach off for the next turn and things quieted down. We all took turns "driving" and at one point a Coast Guard four engine patrol plane came over us at about 800', no doubt checking us out for contraband.

The turn for Miami put us on a broader reach and as it got dark the captain said, "You guys have the first watch," and they went below. I wish I could convey what is like to hold the tiller of a 40' boat rushing toward Miami in 5' seas in the dark. The rhythm you pick up, the sounds and sights, the stars, the lights of big freighters moving up and down the Gulf Stream, the first glow of the mainland on the horizon. It does stick with you.

When we came back on deck in the morning we were just outside Miami and starting up the river. Remember, we did not have an engine and now no radio. With only the main up the captain sailed up to a bridge and then jibed and tacked until the bridge opened and then sailed through. This happened three or four times. We had to warn some boats off, explaining we had no power. Some offered a tow but the captain declined. When we reached the dock he laid the boat gently up against the pier like he did it every day. We called customs and they came and cleared us through. We went home like we did that every day.

Notes: All of Haggerty's boats were called *Bay Bea*, this one was never as competitive as hoped but what a thrill to sail it, the tiller was easy to control the centerboard a bear. The calculator chips had hidden navigation formulas in them that only Haggerty could access in order to navigate with Loran. Our captain going over had a Loran and it took him hours to come up with a position neither of us had the slightest confidence in, GPS is so easy now..



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Native American Watercraft Heritage

By Bob Dalley

Monteiths Geography textbook of 1873, page 32, describes Indians as savages and white men as geniuses. It's a good thing canoeists and people using kayaks did not pay attention to their textbooks. In the field of small craft marine architecture, for example, Native Americans pioneered some of the most sophisticated material and design applications in small craft history. A number of these time-tested designs were so advanced we still recognize them today as state-of-the-art in canoe and kayak engineering.

There is evidence that Native Americans used small craft to cross from Asia to Alaska, populating North and South America. Settlements were located generally along waterways resulting from the need for food, water, travel, wood, and trade. As a result of these water adjacent communities, five watercraft technology systems were deployed each adhering to the environmental restraints of the particular region.

Dugouts

Don't get the wrong idea when you see those 35' plus dugouts on display at the Cherokee Museum and the University of Tennessee Museum. These boats were not state-of-the-art in speed and performance. These boats were poled work boats used for trade and group transportation. A 10' dugout unearthed during the construction of the Wallenpaupack Dam in Pennsylvania was sleek, fast, and required advanced skills to handle. This boat was probably a Shawnee built boat used on the Wallenpaupack Creek. Western Carolina University's Mountain Heritage Center has in its collection a similar dugout.

The mother of all dugouts: California Native Americans used giant redwood trees, (always a downed tree) for boats. How would you like to hollow out one of these industrial strength models? As soon as Native Americans could get their hands on European metal tools, they traded for them. Carving a boat was much faster then burning a boat hollow.

Lewis and Clark commissioned six dugouts for their exploration west. They were built at Harpers Ferry and shipped to the Ohio River for transportation west by river boat. The great Cherokee warrior Dragging Canoe got his name by, you guessed it, dragging a dugout.

Birch Bark Canoes

Now here is the Cadillac of Native American marine technologies. When Europeans arrived in the 16th century they were stunned to find lightweight canoes that were faster and more maneuverable than their boats. Birch bark canoes which could be quickly fabricated (two days) could also carry heavier loads than their boats. Many times built by women, birch bark canoes were used for the Boston Tea Party to place the blame on the Indians.

An elaborate frame was constructed with bark stretched over the frame, then

sewed in place and glued. Birch bark boats got big, over 40'. These big boats were fast with eight or more paddlers. A two-man canoe could not keep up with one of the big birch bark canoes which were used in the Great Lakes and North Atlantic drainage areas.

Birch bark canoes were used to harvest wild rice in the Midwest. Ojibwa craftsman Fredy Goode, in a 2004 TV broadcast, indicated, "Today each family has a car. In Ojibwa history each family had a canoe. We even used canoes to go south for the winter."

Plastic canoes built today still use the Penobscot sheer line, chine angle, and end profile of the birch bark canoe. Some compromise modifications are made in today's modern canoes in speed design to satisfy the amateur canoeist's need for stability.

Plank Boats

Coastal California tribes used shells and other non-metallic sharp tools to fabricate planks which were used to build boats for use on the Pacific Ocean. These boats, as with many Native American watercraft, were appointed with impressive graphics.

Skin (Hide) Boats And Kayaks

Two types of animal hide boats were deployed by Native Americans. The bull boat was a round, one-man boat built by the Mandan and other western nations. It was propelled by a lightweight paddle. A shaft of wood was split at one end, a spacer spine inserted at the bottom of the split creating a triangle, with skin then stretched over the triangular frame.

The Pacific North Western Nations, of course, built the kayak. A wood frame, sometimes built from driftwood, had an animal skin stretched around the frame and sewed in place. Little has changed with the kayak design. As a matter of fact, flat water kayaking (sea kayaking), is the fastest growing sport in the world. Even the New Jersey Meadowlands Commission has provided a \$415,000 grant to establish a canoe trail within sight of the Empire State Building to attract eco-tourism.

Reed Boats

Southwestern and South American nations strapped cane together in the shape of a canoe, hopped on, and paddled away. Not fast, but easily built, these boats did the job. Today we call these boats "sit on top" kayaks.

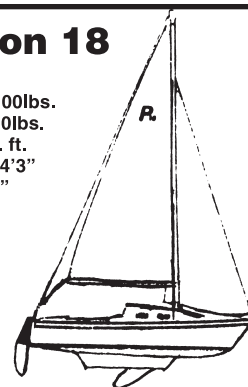
Native American watercraft designs were perfectly adapted to their environments. The designs and technology concepts were so good we still use many of them in today's small craft. The world adopted the Native American sport of canoe racing in the 1920 Olympics. It seems Native American recognition is sorely lacking in the field of small craft design and technology. Native American boat building exhibits can be studied at the recently opened Museum of the American Indian in Washington, D.C.

(The author, Robert L. Dalley is a Professor in Western Carolina University's Engineering and Technology Department. Prototype boats he has designed and built have been subjects of recent TV broadcasts and articles in journals, technology association conferences, and boatbuilding publications, Professor Dalley holds B.S. and M.S. degrees from Bemidji State University.)

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Jack Faatz's 17'x4' "Whitehall," the *Lori-B*, shortly after her completion. (Jack Faatz photograph)

You asked about my boating experience, so here it is, briefly. I have never put it down on paper before. I thought, why not, my kids would probably like to read it.

When I was around 15 years old, a friend's older brother acquired an old sailboat, a catboat about 14' long. No sail. He made one out of light canvas. But it would really go. My friend and I had a lot of fun sailing it. I was hooked!

A publishing company put out a magazine about every six months, on "How to Build 20 Boats" with plans. I bought one and wound up building a 14' canvas kayak. Not like canoes of that period, just a light frame, with airplane dope. The canvas shrunk up tight as a drum head. Made a real nice boat, cost me \$10 (1939) for the boat, \$8 for paint, and \$15 for a double blade paddle.

My next "How to Build 20 Boats" had plans for the 30' Jack Hanna Tahiti ketch and a story about sailing to Tahiti and back. Probably from California. That was for me. World War II was on and the draft was getting close to me, so my young 19-year-old mind had it all figured out. I would join the Navy for six years. In that time I would save money to build the ketch and learn navigation. I had it all figured out. Then wouldn't you know, a pretty young thing came along and torpedoed all my plans. No regrets.

About 15 years later, with wife and four children, we bought a home on a large lake in Lakeland, Florida. I bought an old 28' E-Scow with no mast. So I made a 32' mast and what a time I had learning to sail on such a wild boat. Such fun.

After several more sailboats I was getting too big around the middle and heard that rowing was one of the best exercises. I had designed and built one "pig," but I wanted to design and build a good rowboat. I am a craftsman. Worked with my hands all my life. I took *Rudder* magazine and one time they had some sketches of old boats Sears & Roebuck used to sell. One appealed to me. Back then rowing was not very popular and I did not know of Mystic Seaport Museum or where to get plans for a good rowboat. A friend gave me some pointers on entry and

One Man's Boats

Jack Faatz Letter to Sharon Brown

delivery in water and I carved out a half-model. Then he took the lines off and drew me a set of plans. Would you believe it, I reinvented the Whitehall! Since then I have seen pictures of many Whitehalls in *WoodenBoat* and other places. They vary somewhat, so my Whitehall is as much Whitehall as any of them, 17' long and 4' beam. I have since added daggerboard, well, and mast. It sails very well with a little 75 sq. ft. Moth sail and goes close to hull speed with a little 2hp outboard. It also takes heavy weather very well.

I wanted a boat I could leave on the dock so it would be easy for me to take it out. So I strip planked it with 1/4" cedar, covered the outside with about 1/16+" glass, removed all the mold frames, and covered the inside with

1/16+" glass. It sat out on the lake for about eight years before we moved to Tennessee. It is now under cover, and looks as good now as it did when new. A very strong boat. Because of my old age and interest in my Wee Lassie canoe, I would like to sell the Whitehall. If you know anyone interested: \$2,500 with sail rig and galvanized trailer.

I have also built stitch and tape two double paddle canoes, my design, and a 15' light row boat. I really enjoy boatbuilding. I also enjoyed rowing the Whitehall when we lived on the lake.

I wanted to do some salt water sailing. We lived only 75 miles from the Gulf, so I bought an old cruising sloop, 26' plus 3' bowsprit, 8' beam, drawing 3'10" water. The inside was pretty well rotted out. I built V-berths, combination sofa and bunk, and table. I was told it was a Jack Hanna design. It must have had a low profile sail at one time because it was too tender to sail with any confidence. I added 300 lbs. of steel punching to the bilge and covered them with plastic resin. Still too tender, so I cut out a piece of the deadwood about 12" x 18" and it was 4" thick. I bought scrap lead and poured in 400 lbs. That did it. It would trim and sail beautifully. I loved that old boat. The highlight of my life was a three-week sail to Key West and back. Even got lost out in the Gulf. I kept her log book. Much experience. My son took a job working at the local marina and lived on it for about six months.

You know, you don't just step off a pier into a 30 lb. boat 13'6" long with less than a 2' beam. So now, with my 83-year-old body, I find it hard getting in and out of my Wee Lassie. Don't know how much longer I can do it, but I have had a lot of fun with boats.

That is the gist of my boating. Hope it tells you what you wanted to hear. Of course, you can imagine all the many details I went through over the years.

Sincerely,

Jack

P.S. I have been to four mess-abouts; two to Cedar Key and hope to go again this year.

P.P.S. I went to Mystic Seaport twice, even rented a rowboat from a pretty blond at the Boathouse, wonder if that was you, some years ago?



Solstice and Equinox Join CROPC

Two new rowing boats, *Solstice* and *Equinox*, joined the Connecticut River Oar and Paddle Club's fleet of traditional boats on a drizzly October 30 morning at christening ceremonies on the river under the I-95 Baldwin Bridge. The 17' boats are modified gunning dories, originally designed as stable and seaworthy platforms for waterfowling.

Given the class name of Atlantic 17 by designer-builder Jon Persson of Centerbrook, the club vessels were finished out by volunteer club members including George Spragg, David McCulloch, John Stratton, Carlos Fernandez, Henry Maciak, Suzanne Howard, and Geoff Conklin. They add versatility to the cruising fleet built by the club over the past ten years, said Persson, who is chapter president.

"These boats were designed for casual outings for one or two people on the river or open coastal waters," said Persson. "They can deal with boat wakes and carry enough gear for camping, picnicking, or hiking on the river islands. We also tried to build in lightness so they could be handled easily when they're ashore."

Their construction details incorporate subtleties suggested by club members and other open-water rowing enthusiasts. One visible example is the black nylon blocks drilled to provide options for comfortable oarlock placement for people of varying sizes. Lightweight foot stretchers are easily repositioned for one or two rowers and are wide enough to accommodate boots for the winter season.

The first club-built vessel, completed in 1990, is *Current*, a hard-chine, shallow V-bottomed gig of 21'x4' rigged for a coxswain and four sweeps. The second, third and fourth boats (*Freshet*, *Apogee*, and *Perigee*) were launched in subsequent years. The three share the same fundamental hull design, 21', double-ended with glued-lap construction, but have differing interiors which experiment with variables of comfort, lightness, and power. They can be pulled by one, two, or three rowers.

The club boats have been on extended cruises down the Connecticut River as well as voyages across Long Island Sound, coastwise from Old Lyme to Mystic, and around Cape Ann in the Blackburn Challenge. The boats also assist in youth educational programs at the Groton Maritime Academy summer programs, a local high school's environmental club, Saybrook's Maritime Education Network, and the annual Sail New London Boats, Books, and Brushes harbor events.

Boating on the lower river and sound involves many different rowing environments and the club has members with a wide range of skills and experience. We wanted to create small craft that virtually anyone could row with a short learning curve and lots of enjoyment. An afternoon row should be fun and interesting, not a fitness ordeal. The new boats, *Solstice* and *Equinox*, add an element of agility to our fleet.



The two new Atlantic 17 class rowboats are redesigned, double-ended "gunning dories" modified for lightness and ease of handling by rowers of varying skills.

Under oars for the first time, the new boat appears lively and fast, with a good margin of safety.



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For those who are reading my words for the first time, I will give a short introduction. I write under the pen name of Mississippi Bob. I have been in the boating business since the mid-'50s. I was first in the Coast Guard. That was to be my higher education. I worked on a Mississippi river towboat for a short time before becoming a lock and dam operator.

I didn't get enough boats at work and started building boats as a hobby. Sometimes hobbies get out of control as my wife will attest to. Sixty-five boats later I am still at it and I still think of myself as an amateur builder.

I have worked around a bit after retiring from the Corps of Engineers job. I have worked at a couple of our local marinas and more recently at some of the local sailboat shops. My last job was at The Northwest Canoe Company where we did a lot of repair work and some canoe building. We built canoes from 17' to 24'.

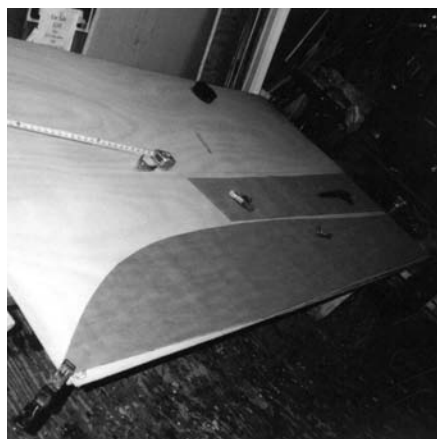
Most of the boats that I build are experiments. I have rarely built the same boat twice and a good number of them have come off my drawing board. My shop is a concrete block building in my back yard heated with a wood stove. I sometimes feel that I spend more time cutting firewood than I do building. This building fits canoes quite well and sometimes a small rowboat or kayak. Any larger boats that I have built happened in our Minnesota summer in my garage.

The name Mississippi Bob was hung on me by a friend who writes a lot of canoe books. I think he intended it to be humor but I rather liked the title and have been using it since.

So now what's happening at Bob's Boats. You may have read about the gift boat that was given to me. That project is on hold. Later this spring I may get back to that one. Between the freeze up and New Year's I was busy refinishing my fleet. Boats were coming and going pretty fast. Three solo canoes got sanded and repainted, gunwales got sanded and revarnished, then I stored all of them and started on the blue kayak. It got the same treatment. The shop then got cleaned and it was time to start building.

I mentioned earlier that I fell in love with a New Jersey garvey. I started that boat and ran into trouble trying to make the sides bend. The sides were cut from 4mm plywood and a 7/8" square pine shear clamp was glued and nailed on. When I tried to bend this boat into shape I saw the mistake that I had made.

Laying out side panels for the garvey. The pattern is made from construction felt.



In My Shop

By Mississippi Bob Brown

The sides would not bend properly. The chine got all wavy and I could not make it take the shape I wanted. Back to the drawing board.

In my attempt to make a copy of Chapelle's garvey I decided to make the sheer line curve downward towards both ends. I was trying to keep the same flat deck that was shown in the book. When the sheer clamp followed this curved line it forced all kinds of squiggles into the chine.

I have, in the past, built several kayaks using this system and it worked well, but they all had a straight sheer clamp and this forced a good bit of lift at both ends. The downward curve that I had tried to build into the garvey could not be built the way I was trying to do it. I should have bought a couple of cypress boards from Robb White, they would have bent into shape.

I decided that I would start over and do a boat of my own design. I had just read Jim Michalak's book on boatbuilding, quite good by the way, and I decided on a flat iron skiff. The last kayak that I built was really a very narrow flat iron skiff decked over. It was probably the easiest boat that I have ever built. I wanted a boat large enough to carry two that could be rowed or sailed. I also wanted a boat that could be car-topped so what I am building is really just a larger kayak. I am going to install a mast step, centerboard trunk, and rudder hardware.

Second model.



This boat will also have short wooden outriggers for the oars. I could probably paddle it like a kayak but I would need a 10' paddle. I have been designing this boat as it gets built. I started with a one-sixth scale model. These are cheap. I wasn't happy with the first one but the second one was just what I wanted. The model had no bottom, that was a mistake that would come back to plague me later.

The wood I am using is a marine grade 4mm plywood. It is a metric size so I could get both sides out of one sheet of plywood and with one splice the sides came out a bit over 16'. I joined the side panels with butt blocks also cut from 4mm stuff. Later I glued on sheer clamps made of 1/2" by 7/8" ash. The ash was scarfed and the splices ended forward of the butt blocks. I bent these sides around a temporary center form and tacked them to the real transom. They bent up just fine. I now had something that looked like a boat.

At this point I had no pattern for the bottom, and the chines were a bit wavy and not at all symmetrical. I should have put a bottom on the model. I could probably have scaled it off the model anyway but I chose to run a chalk line down the center of the boat and measure out from this.

The stern section of the bottom went on first. It took a bit of fitting but in the end it looked pretty fair. The bow section, being a lot smaller, went on without a hitch. Both bottom panels got wire tied to the sides and the boat got turned right side up so I could tape up the seams. I am a real believer in stitch and glue construction.

I rolled the boat right side up and leveled it carefully. I then ran a string down the centerline to check the symmetry, then I was ready to mix epoxy. I primed the entire seam with unthickened epoxy, then mixed a few batches of epoxy with colloidal silica and thickened it to a peanut butter consistency. Using a rounded 1" wide paddle I laid in a fillet all the way around the seam. I immediately applied a tape over this fillet that I made from bias cut 6oz. fiberglass cloth. I like to do all of these steps before the first layer begins to cure.

Before I quite I covered the taped seam with peel ply in the area where the open cockpit would be. This would save much sanding later. The ends of the boat will be hidden under long decks so I'm not so fussy.

My next update will cover my progress as the boat without a plan goes together.

Gluing on the butt blocks on both sides in one operation.





Side panels, two mirror images clamped together for final trimming.



Side panels bent around the temporary form.



Boat wired up and leveled.

Fillets done on all main seams., Peel Ply covering tape in the cockpit area.



A Standstill

Things have come to a standstill around my shop. A friend died and I was left in charge of her affairs. This included finding homes for several dogs and making the best use of all of her possessions. I was also left with a house that needed a lot of cleaning just to be sold. This all takes time.

Then one day I went to St. Paul to buy some resin and visit my old friend and former employer. I made a mistake on that visit of saying, "Call me if you get desperate." About two weeks later he got desperate and now I'm back to work at North West Canoe Co. I have a talent that Al is happy to use.

Somehow boat shops always seem to become boy's clubs. Al's shop is no different. We have folks dropping in all the time. It is hard to get the work out. Folks have boats that have been lying broken since fall and in mid-April they want them fixed, yesterday. To make sure that we stay behind our schedule we have a steady parade of people that think we are running a boys club.

To add to all this I got a call from western Wisconsin from a man who wanted me to fix his boat. Like a dummy I said to bring it by and I'd look at it. I now have a 17' Correct Craft covered up in my back yard. It is a 1961 wooden inboard ski boat not in bad shape for a 40-year-old wooden boat, but it does have a hole in the bottom about a foot long and 6" wide. Thank God the interior was stripped out before he left it at my place. I told him that it would be June before I could even look at it.

I have a trip planned to Colorado soon to help a friend glass the bottom of a Skiff America that he is building. I will get back just in time to get ready for our Minnesota Messabout in early June. I had hoped to bring a new rowing boat there but that may not happen. I am thinking that maybe I'll just bring a couple of the older boats that I have so many of.

The following week is Jim Michalak's Rend Lake event and I hope to be there. I can tell already that it will be a busy summer.

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according to the blessings of the
Lord" (Deut 16:16)**

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Look Out World!

Reprinted from the *Mainsheet*, Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA



Everyone reading this article can see here why it's called a "tuckup".



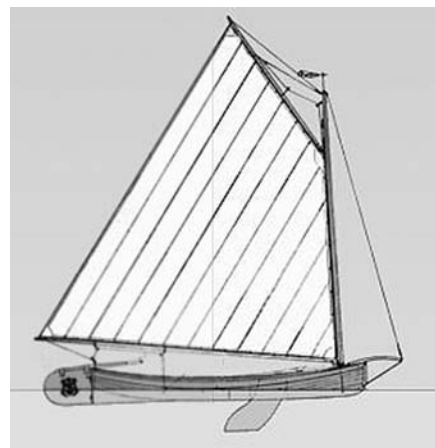
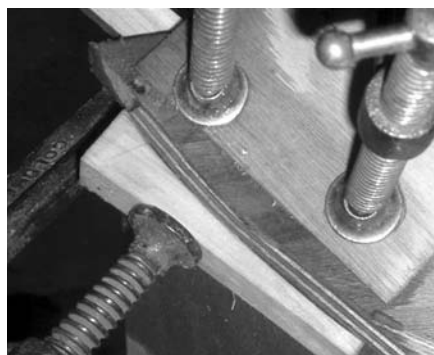
Taking shape: molds and stringers on the strongback.



Life lessons about laps, if you get the curves right, things fit like a dream (still need some homemade "persuaders" until the epoxy joint hardens).



Above and below: Even the most practiced eye needs a little help in crafting the perfect wineglass curve on the transom.




John Van Slembrouck of Stoney Creek Boat Shop is currently building a glued-lap Tuckup from Mystic plans. On his website www.stoneycreekboatshop.com he says, "I'm really excited about this boat! I'm building her from plans of two different tuckups, the *Thomas M. Seeds* and *Spider*, both well-known by Tuckup lovers.

"This boat is to be a blend of both of these designs along with my own interpretation. Building her glued-lap also lends a uniqueness to this Tuckup. I'm tempted to call her *Spider Seeds* to honor her predecessors, but likely she will be *Vivace* (very fast and lively).


"As is the custom for this fancy racer, she will receive a flashy paint job, 160sf sail, and a barn door rudder displaying her name and logo."

The photos of John's progress on the boat are from his online photo album, <http://photobucket.com>.

Stoney Creek Wooden Boat Shop is located in the historic village of Stoney Creek in Rochester Hills, Michigan, directly behind the original one-room schoolhouse. John can be reached by e-mail at stoney-creek@stoneycreekboat-shop.com.

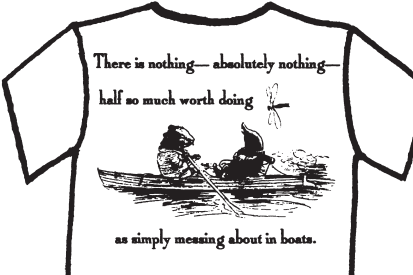


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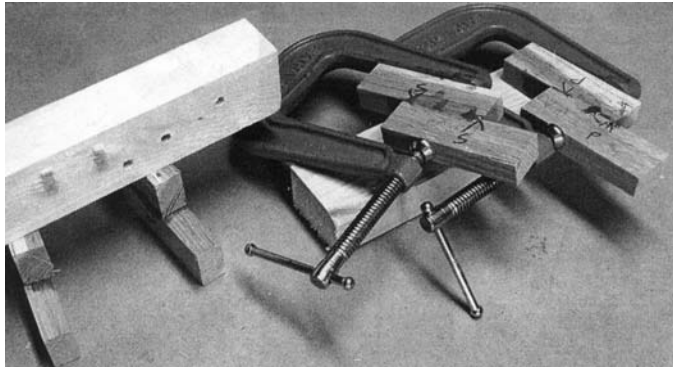
After the turnover, a new Tuckup takes the air. Just add water.

Gluing and Clamping

By Malcolm Fifer

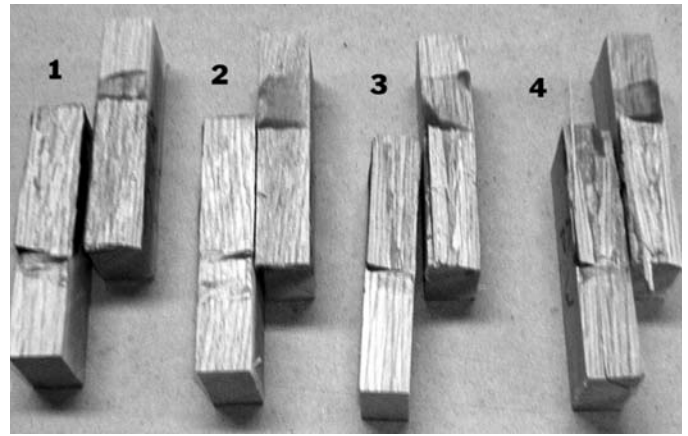
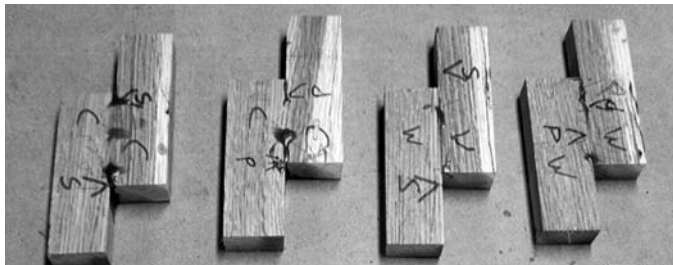
I recently read an article about glue film thickness. The writer claimed that if the film is not "thin" enough, the resulting joint would not be strong. During 50 years of woodworking I have always assumed that the pressure must not be too great or all the glue would be squeezed out. So I decided to run a test, which I do not claim was scientific, but I find the results interesting.

I chose white oak because it has a reputation for being hard to glue, which I believe is because of its high acid content, and Weldwood, a urea-formaldehyde resin. I really like Weldwood for boat-building as I tested it by gluing two pieces of marine ply together and totally immersing the sandwich for four months, at the end of which time I smashed it and the wood broke, not the glue joint. My idea was to try planed or straight off the table saw and light pressure or high pressure.



The weight of the scrap wood on the left was adjusted to give a 1-lb. per square inch pressure on the test samples. The samples on the right were clamped fairly tightly but not excessively because the surface area was so small it could misrepresent the type of pressure available with a larger joint.

This shows the samples after seven days.



Here are the samples after smashing. 1: Sawn + Clamped – 30%; 2: Planed + Clamped – 0%; 3: Sawn + Weighted – 100%; 4: Planed + Weighted – 70%. The percentage is a visual estimate of the amount of torn wood showing (the higher the number the better the joint). You will see that the only perfect result (the glue is stronger than the wood) was the version straight from the table saw combined with very little pressure, while the worst result was the planed finish combined with high pressure.

Conclusion: Don't plane your joints and apply very light clamping pressure, which is certainly intuitive. If someone would like to try this with different wood and/or different glue, please email me your results at <msfifer@bellsouth.net> It is possible that a weaker wood might not be so demanding of gluing excellence, whereas I suspect that epoxy, with its famous gap-filling abilities, would be consistent with the results above.

Sherpa

A John Welsford design
9' 0" x 4' 7"



'Sherpa', a new design by New Zealand boat designer John Welsford, combines easily-driven lines with a surprising amount of capacity; this is a big small boat. Oars, sail or power—all are satisfying experiences.

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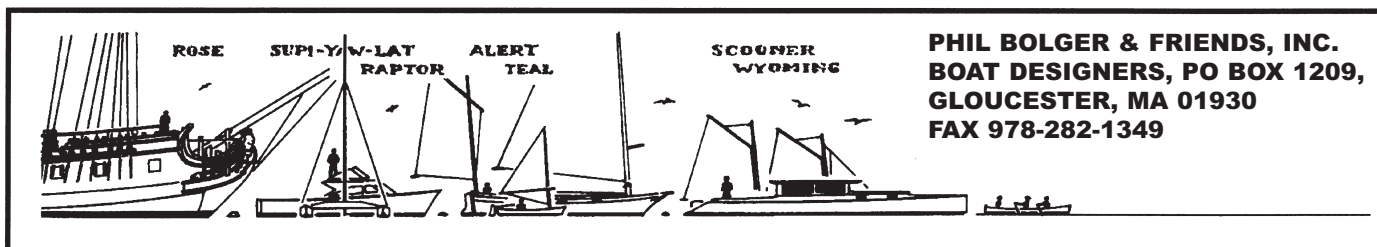
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Space does not permit full details, but will be glad to submit details on boats of this type.

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The wish list for this design was for an elegant dayboat with a comfortable cockpit located where four or five people wouldn't spoil the trim of the boat. She was to have a lockable cuddy, mostly for shelter from a shower and privacy for a portable toilet, but fit for an occasional overnight cruise with picnic supplies. She was to be a good sailer including in light airs, with thoroughbred handling emphasized. Auxiliary power was to be minimal, just enough to creep into a marina berth. Cost within reason was not a consideration, but a minimum of upkeep time and handling stress was.

The idea was to sail with a tranquil mind and little time devoted to preparation and upkeep. The draft was not severely limited but was kept moderately shallow to encourage sailing close to pleasant shores and anchor in wading-draft. She was to have enough fixed keel to put her ballast low (that is, to need less ballast than if it had been closer to the waterline). This keel also allowed her to sail to windward with her centerboard all the way up. She could sail in on a shelving shore with the board down until it touched, with the ability to sail off with the board raised more or less. Of course, her windward ability would be much improved with the centerboard down.

Bolger on Design

Chimera Cat-Yawl Daysailer

LOA 24'9", LWL 23'5"

Breadth 7'7"

Draft 2'6" / 4'9"

Sail Area 320sf

Displacement 4,900 lbs.

Ballast 1,850 lbs.

Construction was to have been frameless with a 1/4" glued strip core sheathed with two courses of cold molded diagonal planking to a total shell thickness of a full inch. She was not intended to be fiberglass sheathed as the intended builder considered that the glass didn't produce a clean finish. Nowadays (the design was made in 1985) I would have advised sheathing her and would have suggested that the glass sheathing made the cold-molded sheathing unnecessary. Strip

planking sheathed inside and out, canoe fashion, would have made sense.

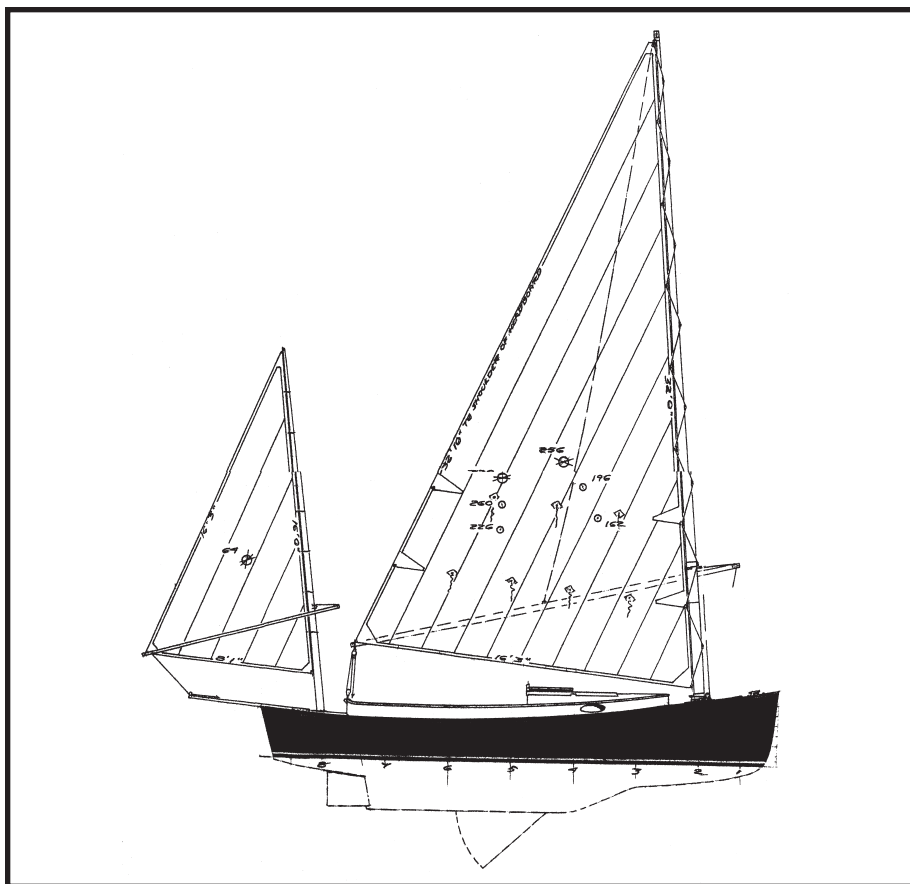
She was to have had plenty of sail carried high (but with good reefed balance). Her intended locality of use was the eastern shore of Lake Michigan where I understand there is a lot of gentle weather. Nowadays I would favor giving her a short gaff to reduce the height of the almost 37' mainmast. It would be possible to shorten it at least 3'-4' without losing much useful area at the narrow peak of the sail. A tabernacle to get the mast down flat easily, without dockside help, would be nice, but they were very rare at the time this design was made and if suggested might have been vetoed as spoiling the clean effect of the unstayed mast.

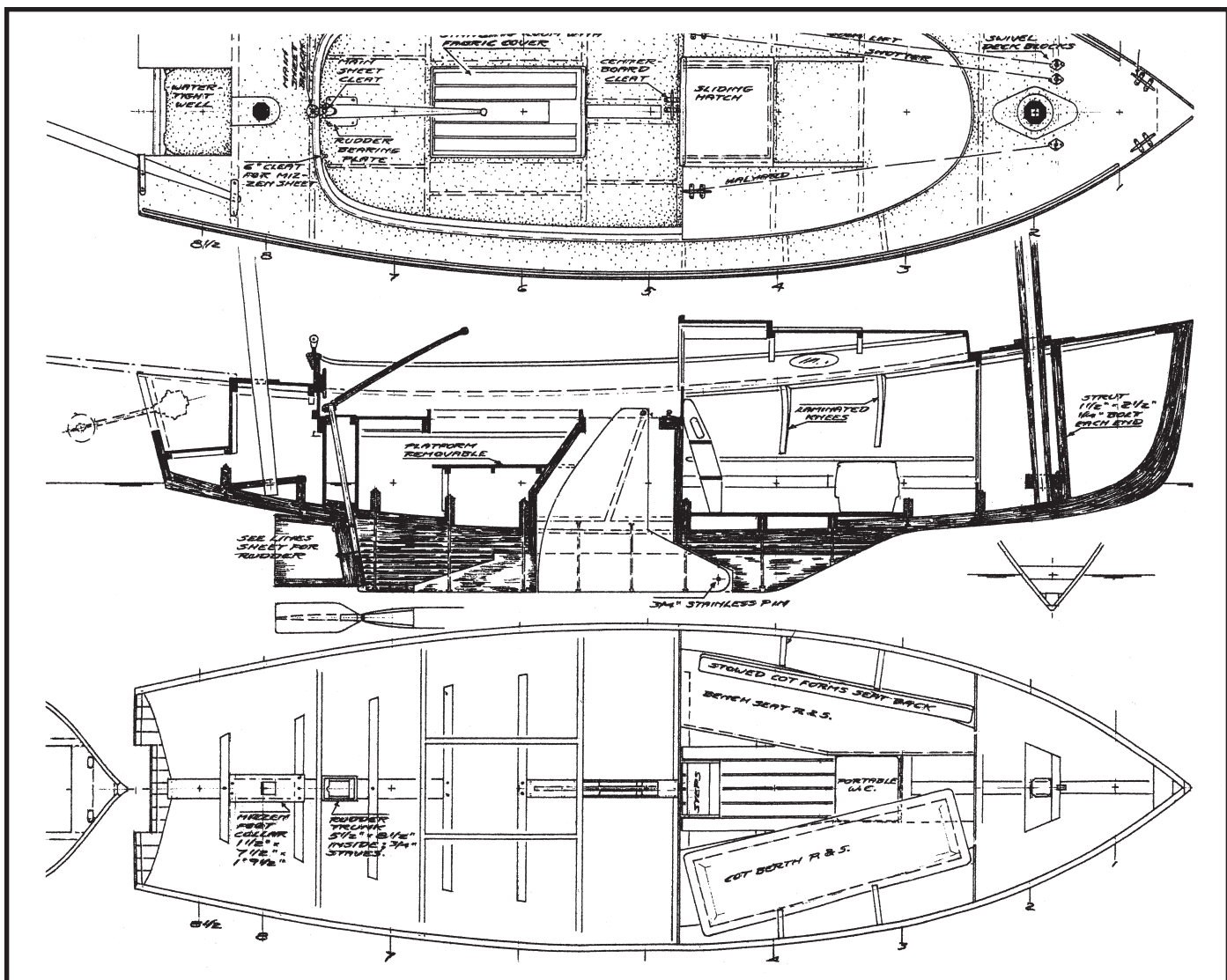
The motor was specified as a 2hp 2-stroke, which would have moved her about 4 knots in dead calm and smooth water and maneuvered her well enough. If she'd been meant for some place with strong currents or needed to drive to windward under power in strong winds, 6hp, or even 9.9hp would have been appropriate. Top speed with either would be about 6-1/2 knots or a trifle more, but the bigger motor could be run at a quieter, more economical rpm at that speed. The stem was designed to allow it. Four-stroke now, of course.

The hull was shallow-bodied and fine-lined with the easy hollow entrance suited to the prominent forefoot and the after quarters soft and well lifted with the transom almost triangular so that she could be sailed sharply heeled without cocking her stem up with a heavy helm resulting. But looking at this sail plan now, in the light of experience with similar rigs, I think she would have had a weather helm; the mainmast should have been further forward and the mast raked less and a broader rudder would have been an improvement.

In an earlier era the combination of a deep cockpit (for comfort) with a low freeboard (for elegance) would simply have meant that the cockpit would be open, drained to the bilge. The current approach would be a footwell drained (usually) much too low to the waterline. This was one of several designs which were supposed to have an overboard-drained seat level with the footwell in the form of an opening to the bilge. The opening could be closed with a hard hatch or a fabric cover to shed rain or if breaking seas were expected. It opened up for convenient stowage all the space under the cockpit seats.

The client named her *Chimera*, perhaps an unlucky choice as one of its meanings is "a foolish fancy," and she was never built. The design looks nice still in its conservative way, (meaning that it's not a Birdwatcher relative!). With a few changes as noted, I'd be happy to see it realized. Plans are available for \$300 to build one boat, sent priority mail, rolled in a tube, from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc., P.O. Box 1209, Gloucester, MA 01930.





The Incredible Self Sailing Leg o' Mutton Rig

Barry Donahue Photo



Variations On the Easiest Knot In the World

By Sam Chapin

Yesterday I was tying up my boat to a rail and thought that the two half hitches that I was putting in was my favorite knot or at least the one that I tied without thinking about what knot will I use. You can tie it under tension and untie it under tension. Not so with the bowline. You need a slack line for both tying and untying.

Take a round turn and you can hold a wild horse and then tie two half hitches.

If the line you are tying up with is loong, maybe the anchor line, you can just double it up and tie about as easy as with a single line.

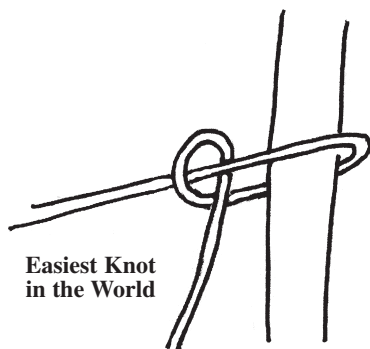
When I teach reluctant sailing students ("Oh, I can't tie knots!") I tell them "this is the easiest knot in the world tied twice in the same direction." Then I tie the easiest knot in the world and challenge them to think of an easier knot. After they think about that a little, we go down a little further on the standing part and tie it again in the same direction.

I think a single half hitch would hold and the second one is to keep the first one tight. If you are tying with some new slippery stuff you may need three half hitches to keep them from slipping or to "back it up" with an overhand knot or a figure eight knot.

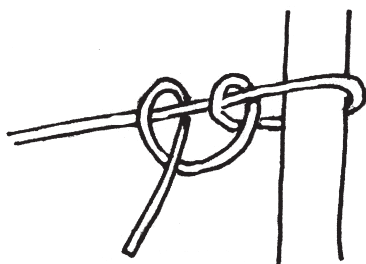
Another fun thing to do with students is to pull the two half hitches down the standing part a little so it is isolated visually. Now you can see it is a clove hitch on the standing part. Now they should know how to tie a clove hitch, too. The easiest knot in the world twice and in the same direction.

Now we have edged up close to the rolling hitch. We should have stopped because the little brains are so full already, but just one extra turn on the first "easiest knot in the world" will get you the rolling hitch. After you put on the second of the easiest knots in the world, pull it tight and you have the magic of the knot that slides easily under you hand but it holds tight when you pull the line in the direction of the double turns.

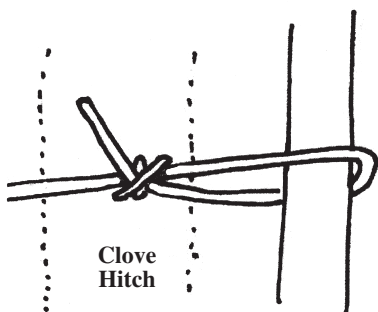
While we are talking about related knots, the buntline hitch is two half hitches tied backwards or toward the inside of the knot. The first crossover is done outside. The second crossover is inside and the end threaded through. That makes all the pressure on the knot transferred to the bitter end and clamps it so it won't come loose. It will also be difficult to untie. Bring your knife.



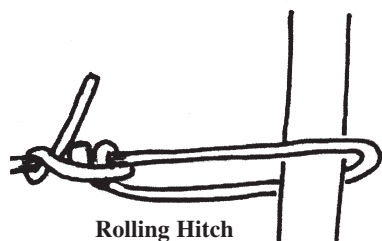
Easiest Knot
in the World



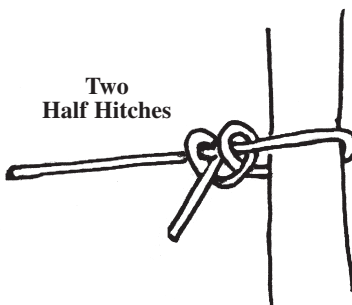
Easiest Knot
Twice



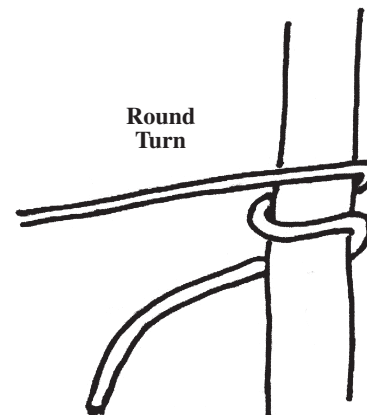
Clove
Hitch



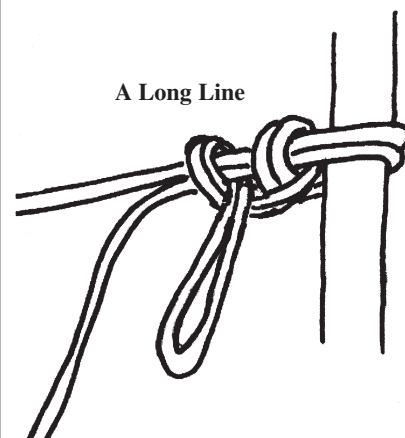
Rolling Hitch



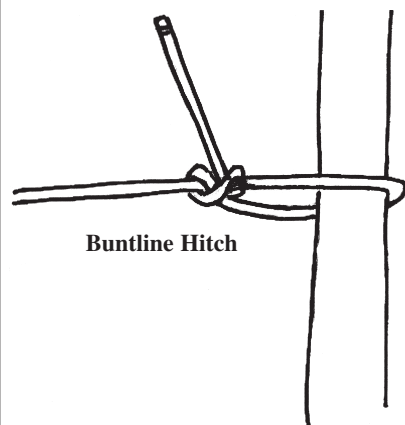
Two
Half Hitches



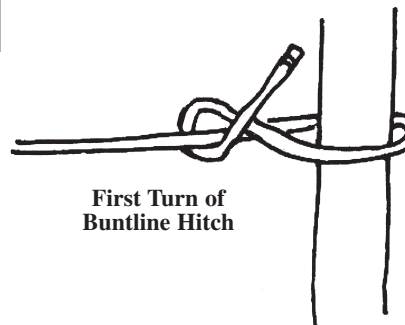
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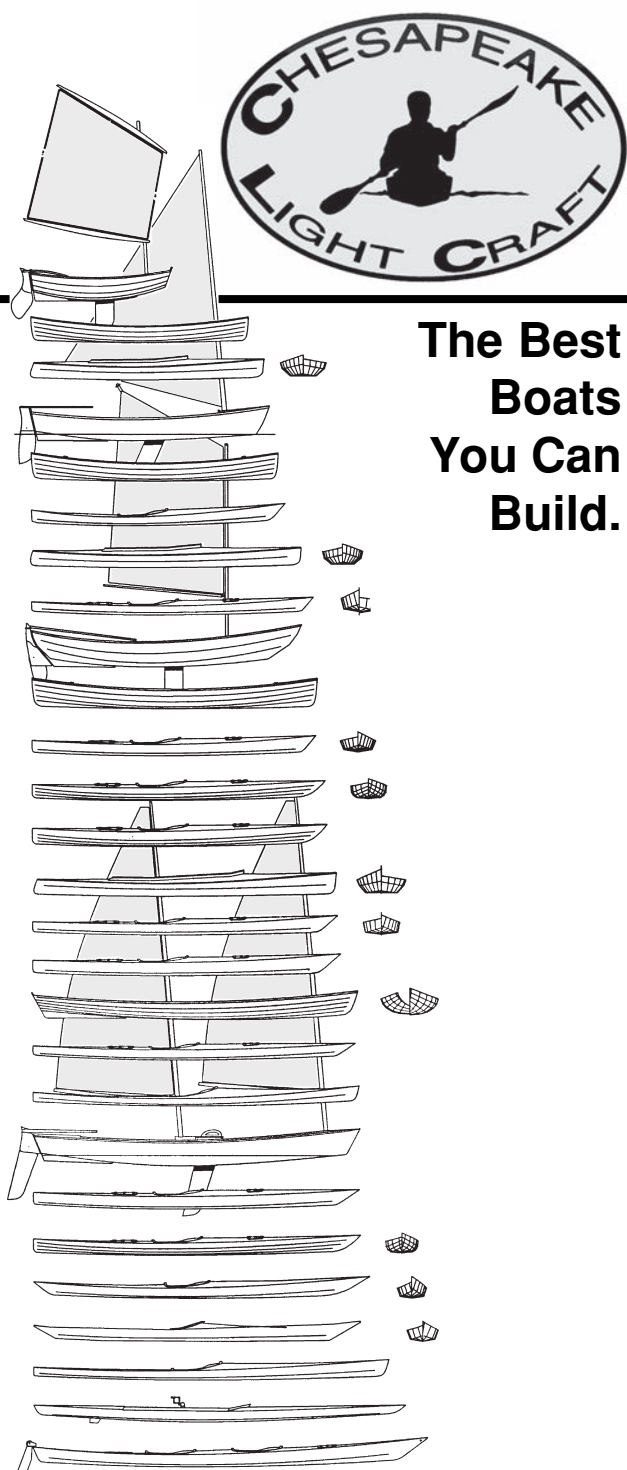
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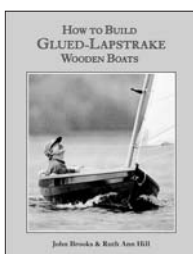
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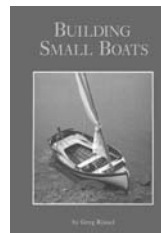
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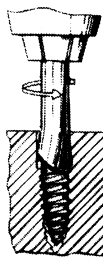
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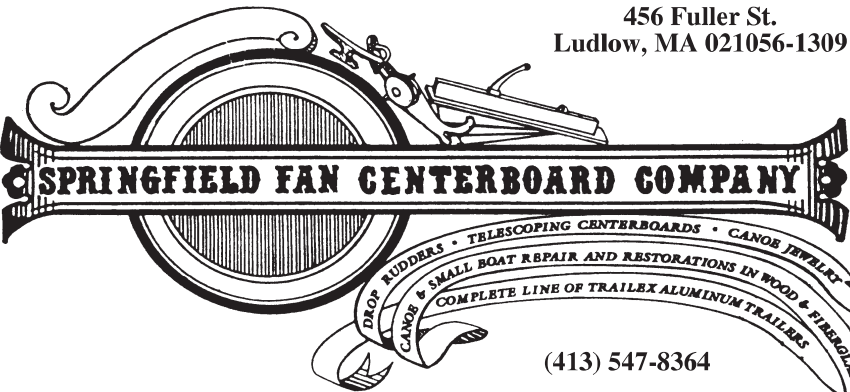
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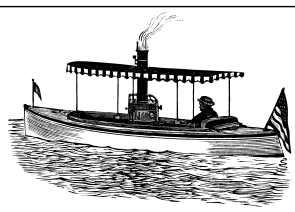
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Whitehall Pulling Boat, 15'6" LOA, 3'8" beam, white fg hull (only) by Grand Mesa Boat Works (Jim Thayer). All else genuine mahogany by builder; thwarts, gunwales, floor grating, transom knees, breast hook. Bright half oval brass over mahogany half round sheer rub rail. Bronze fastenings. Thwarts bright finished varnish. All other mahogany oiled. Interior finished Bristol Beige. 2 rowing stations each w/pr of 9" demountable outriggers. Oarlock sockets adjustable fore/aft. Flotation fore/aft. Compl w/1pr of classic varnished spruce oars 7.6"oa, mahogany staff w/flag aft & boat cover. A real beauty. In water 1 season. As new. \$3,800.

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Bolger Designed 16' Seahawk Skiff, PVC gunwale guards & spray rails. Original cost \$2,300 Used only lightly, built w/mahogany plywood fiberglassed, epoxy & SS fastened, 2 rowing stations. My age & lack of strength reason for sale. \$1,400.

HANS WAECKER, 47 Bowman's Landing Rd., Georgetown, ME 04548, (207) 371-2282 (4)



21' Piver Trimaran, folds on trlr, mast tabernacle, roller furling genoa, full batten main, self bailing cockpit, kick up rudder, depth finder, masthead light, fg on ply, low aspect keel draws 20". Lovingly customized & well maintained able sailer. \$1,900 obo.

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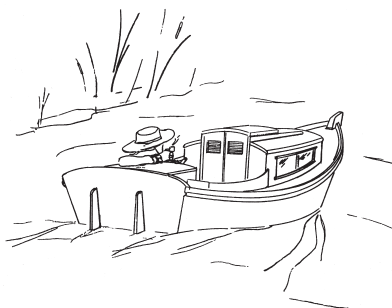
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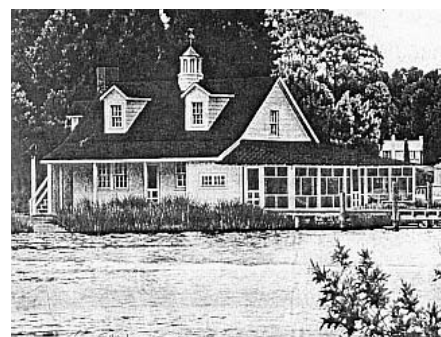
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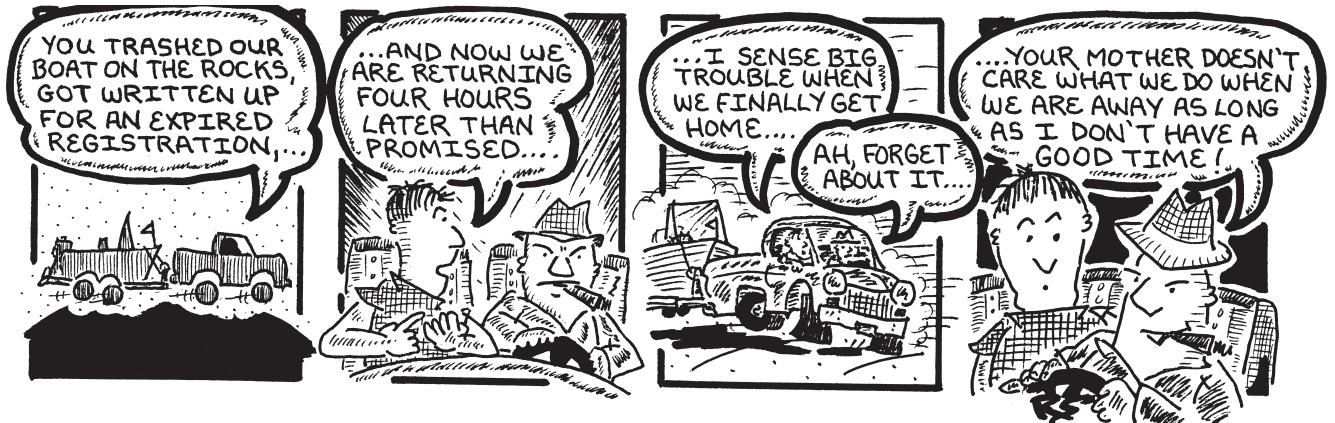
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The photo above was taken by Bob Hicks during the Blackburn Challenge. The going was easy in this portion of the race. Competitors later encountered 6-ft seas. The chair of the race committee, Tom Lawler, later said, "We are ashamed we let that race go on. If we ever have conditions like that again, we are going to cancel the race."

Paul Neil, the man at the oars, has won his class in the Blackburn eight times in a row....something never done by any other competitor in any boat.

For additional information, please visit our website

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June 19-20 Clearwater Festival, Croton, NY
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July 29-31 Stowe Arts Festival, Stowe, VT
July 30-1 Antique & Classic, Skaneateles, NY
Aug 5-7 Champlain Valley Folk Festival, Ferrisburg, VT
Aug 5-7 Hildene Crafts Festival, Manchester, VT
Aug 5-7 Antique & Classic Clayton NY
Aug 12-4 Art & Crafts Festival, Lake Placid, NY
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